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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Twenty-Ninth Number.

RIGHT HON. LORD SIDMOUTH.

THE Right Honourable Henry Addington, Lord Viscount Sidmouth, is the son of Dr. Addington, a physician of some celebrity, who died about fourteen years since. Dr. Addington was of respectable family and connections. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford; and admitted a member of the College of Physicians, in the year 1756. He first signalised himself as a scholar, by a pamphlet written on the scurvy.

Dr. Addington originally commenced practice at Reading, in Berkshire; and in order to increase the income, at no time very great, of a provincial physician, he established a private mad-house in that town, which soon gained him considerable reputation.

Dr. Addington was no less successful in the matrimonial connection which he formed with Miss Hiley, daughter of the Reverend Haviland John Hiley, of Baliol College, Oxford. With this lady he is said to have received a fortune little short of 30,000*l.* upon which event, he relinquished the narrow sphere of provincial practice, and took up his residence in London.

He soon acquired the leading business of the metropolis; or, indeed, might be said to share it equally with Dr. Heberden. After a course of prosperity not often exceeded in his walk of life, and an accession of wealth which was the fruit of deserving industry, Dr Addington withdrew his equipage from the streets of the metropolis; and quitted the practice of physic, with dignity and reputation. He retired to spend the remainder of his life in his native county, Berkshire; and though he still exercised his profession for such of his friends whom he esteemed, or in favour of the poor, for whom his benevolence induced him to prescribe gratuitously—as a practitioner he resigned it for ever.

Perhaps one of the most fortunate events in the life of Dr. Addington, at least for his family, was an acquaintance which he formed in the family of the great William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. The Doctor had condescended to mingle the studies of politics and physic; to regard the Constitution of the State as a subject of no less eager interest and earnest care, than that of an individual patient. He had, originally, brought himself into notice by a pamphlet explanatory of some negotiation between himself and Lord Bute, but, upon the disgrace of that Minister, the course of his politics led him to espouse the party of the Earl of Chatham. This he did with the most boundless enthusiasm and perfect disinterestedness; and he thus became recommended to Lord Chatham, and was employed by that nobleman as his only domestic physician.

During the latter years of Lord Chatham's life, Dr. Addington lived with him on the footing of unreserved intimacy, and when a negotiation was opened for the return of that distinguished Statesman to power, Dr. Addington was the agent employed between his Lordship and Lord Bute.

Henry Addington, the present Lord Sidmouth, was born in the year 1756, and received the first rudiments of his education at Cepean school, at that time under the direction of the Reverend Mr. Gilpin. He was removed, about the year 1773, to Winchester, a seminary which deservedly ranks with Westminster and Eton.—Wharton was at that time head-master; and owing to the discipline which he maintained, and the reputation of himself and assistants for unrivalled talents, Winchester was beginning, at this period, to take the lead as a public seminary. Dr. Addington, however, did not conceive the education of his son as yet completed for College; and accordingly removed him from Winchester to Dr. Goodenough's, at Ealing, whence he finally repaired to Trinity College, Oxford.

It may naturally be supposed, that the very close intimacy which subsisted between Dr. Addington and the Earl of Chatham, was extended, in some degree, to the other branches of the two families. The young Pitts and Addingtons became almost domesticated together; and between William Pitt and the present Lord Sidmouth a basis of intimacy was founded, which soon ripened into the most steadfast friendship, and led ultimately to the aggrandisement and public reputation of the present subject of our remarks.

Mr. Addington was destined by his father for the bar: Lord Chatham had made choice of the same profession for his son William. By this coincidence of professional pursuits, they became still more united; they entered at Lincoln's Inn at the same time, and *eat commons* together preparatory to being called to the bar.

The talents of Mr. Pitt, however, were such as, in a few years, to command the admiration of the kingdom; and, seconded by many favourable events, to raise him to the highest elevation of official dignity. It was not in the character of this illustrious minister to be unmindful of his friends, and Mr. Addington was not slow in availing himself of opportunities to distinguish himself in the same career of life.—By family interest and connections, Mr. Addington secured himself the Recordership of Devizes, a borough in Wiltshire: this office led the way for a seat in Parliament for the same place; and no sooner had Mr. Addington obtained a political character, than he experienced the effects of the kindness of his illustrious friend.

Mr. Pitt, almost immediately, appointed him a Lord of Trade and Plantations; and the way was fast opening for him to other honours. Mr. Addington soon distinguished himself as a parliamentary debater, and by a species of eloquence no less mild than persuasive, no less forcible than elegant and chaste—strenuously attached to the party and politics of Mr. Pitt, he defended them in a manner which at once did honour to his understanding, without impeaching his integrity and independence. In this concurrence with the sentiments of his patron, there was no servility. Mr. Addington, indeed, has uniformly exhibited the rare example of a statesman without being a partisan.

Mr. Addington declaimed, in a manner the most strenuous and impressive, against that political monster, the Coalition—and he was no less severe against the India Bill of Mr. Fox; from his first appearance in Parliament until he was chosen Speaker, he almost constantly engaged and signalised himself in every debate of moment. At the melancholy era of the King's illness, Mr. Addington evinced the most warm attachment to his Sovereign, united, as it then was, with the most perfect love and veneration for the constitution; and it was about this period that the most brilliant career of his fortune opened.

Mr. Grenville, now Lord Grenville, was, at this time, Speaker of the House of Commons, when, upon some political changes, it was judged expedient to confer a peerage upon him, and place in his hands the seals of Secretary of State. Mr. Pitt resolved to fill the vacant chair with his friend Mr. Addington. The good old principle had long been departed from, of elevating to that dignity some active, independent country member; and the Speaker was now most commonly chosen from amongst the gentlemen of the Long Robe. The talents of a lawyer were judged essential to the office; integrity, independence, and the mere routine of common information, were held insufficient, without somewhat of that technical legal skill, and official habit, which an education for the bar must obviously supply.

On Monday, July 8th, Marquis Graham, after a warm eulogy upon the character, talents, and peculiar qualifications of Mr. Addington, moved, "that he should take the chair."—The late Lord Mendip proposed Sir

Gilbert Elliot, and, upon a division, the numbers appeared, for Mr. Addington 215—for Sir Gilbert Elliot, 142—Majority 73.

Mr. Addington now assumed this elevated office; the first, unquestionably, in parliamentary dignity; though not one of much rank and importance in a political light.

This session of parliament soon expired; but, upon the convocation of the next, Mr. Addington was unanimously re-elected.

It is impossible to covet a fairer scene of public life than that which was uniformly exhibited by Mr. Addington whilst he filled the chair of the House of Commons. The first quality of a Speaker is to watch with perpetual jealousy over the privileges of the House, and to guard them against usurpation and infringement by the other branches of the legislature. Mr. Addington was peculiarly qualified for this dignity, if only for his active exercise of this branch of his business. There are many records on the Journals of the House, of the vigilance and jealousy with which the Speaker watched and repelled every attempt which, even in the most constructive and remote sense, that might affect the privileges of the Commons. Mr. Addington was here strenuous and always upon the alert. Nor was he less eminently happy in the exercise of the other functions of his office. He was strictly impartial in his conduct towards the several speakers during the debate; his eye was not constantly on the treasury-bench; he did not pretend to find *order* alone in this happy seat, and *disorder* on the opposite row; he assigned no precedence but what was regular and just, and whoever first caught his eye, was the speaker for the time. Joined to this impartiality, which deservedly procured for him the good-will of both parties of the House, and gave a dignity and weight to his office, which, under the exercise of other hands, it not unfrequently wanted, Mr. Addington combined a manner the most mild, persuasive, complacent—a manner in which was observable the most excellent temper, habitual good-nature, and an urbanity and polish of behaviour which designated the gentleman and the courtier. Yet, with all these qualities, which invite intrusion and imposition, Mr. Addington was not deficient in those which belong to steadfastness and dignity; which give to character firmness, and make the sweetness and compliancy of temper not inconsistent with the practice of sterner virtues.—The House of Commons, whilst Mr. Addington presided in it, at once felt his authority with reverence, and submitted to it with eagerness and from choice. They respected the man whom they loved, and felt secure and happy under his lenient controul.

It is the practice of whoever occupies the official seat of the House, to keep up with the several members a habit not only of public friendship and acquaintance, but likewise of domestic intimacy: for this purpose, during every session of parliament, the Speaker gives his public dinners, to which the members of the House of Commons are alone invited. Into these familiar parties, Mr. Addington first introduced certain rules and maxims; which at once preserved their conviviality and harmony, and produced a happy combination of society, which was not to be met with at any other table than the Speaker's.

It was the first rule to banish all political discourse; to drop the business of the day, and the intrigue of the hour; to give respite to the animosity of jarring minds; to soften the hatred, and banish the acrimony, of party-contentions. It was at these friendly parties, therefore, that a society was to be found of whatever was eminent in the state for power, for rank and talent, for learning, humour, wit. Social, contributions were levied, without distinction, from both sides of the House; the Whig here mixed with the Tory; and the happy occupant of the treasury-bench, with his most acrimonious and obstinate rival. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox knew each other as private acquaintances, and enjoyed the society of each other with its proper zest. The conversation (as politics were banished) turning chiefly upon subjects on which party could produce no difference of opinion or conflict of interest, was the most brilliant and animating that imagination could suggest. Great minds had here the relaxation of friendship, and were eager to deposit their enmities on the enjoyment of the convivial board.

The more prominent and public conduct of Mr. Addington, whilst Speaker, necessarily comprehends such a variety of official and parliamentary business, that it is here impossible to give even a slight review of it.

Upon the celebrated question being agitated—of the right of the House of Commons to continue from session to session, notwithstanding a dissolution, the impeachment of Mr. Hastings, Mr. Addington evinced his deep knowledge of the privileges of the House, and his perfect comprehension of its constitutional powers.—This speech was highly complimented by all parties; and a more splendid display of eloquence has rarely been made, than upon this dry and intricate subject.

Upon the question of the Slave Trade, Mr. Addington supported the side which was adverse to the abolition. His object was not to abolish, but to amend; not to prohibit slavery, but to guard against the abuses of it. Mr. Addington steered a middle course. He professed himself aware of the inhumanity of the Slave Trade in many particulars, but he conceived that complaints of this sort might easily be remedied; that regulations might be suggested by which the person and property of the slave, under certain obvious qualifications, might be as securely protected in the West India Islands as in England—that slavery might be stripped of its horrors, and still suffered to continue—that the negroes who cultivated the islands were no further slaves than as they were the objects of cruelties and oppressions which they had been said to undergo—that servitude was their lot in their own country, and that what we called emancipation and liberty, were to them sounds without meaning—that, therefore, if we could prevent the recurrence of those cruelties and acts of oppression, we should do much more than if we gave the Africans liberty; and it was obvious that this was to be done, without abolition. A restricted trade under certain regulations, (which Mr. Addington proposed) he contended, would answer every purpose that humanity and the interest of the state required.

Such was the conduct of Mr. Addington upon the Slave Trade. A man of more liberal views, and of a more extensive humanity, both in practice and principle, does not exist than Mr. Addington: let those, therefore, who have leisure, reconcile these contradictions of character.

After having filled the chair of the House of Commons nearly fourteen years, a more splendid political career was suddenly opening to Mr. Addington. We believe it was as unexpected on his part, as it was certainly on the part of the public.

In 1803, the ministry, of which Mr. Pitt was at that time the head, thought necessary to propose to his Majesty some regulations respecting the Irish Roman Catholics. It is now well understood that they proposed a complete emancipation to that body, and the modification of tithes in Ireland. The Union having been chiefly effected by the Roman Catholics, the ministry had promised, as a compensation for their services, to do all that lay in their power to effect their full admission to the common privileges of the state. Upon the obligation of this promise, they proposed it to the King; but his Majesty's conscience was alarmed, and he refused, with warmth and firmness, to hearken to any proposition of the kind. Mr. Pitt and his associates immediately tendered their resignations, which were accepted.

The public curiosity was now upon the watch to discover who was to be the successor. The negotiation with his Majesty was conducted with great secresy. The Duke of Kent lent his equipage to Mr. Addington, for the purpose of concealment; and almost every ministerial arrangement was full and complete, before a well-founded surmise had spread abroad.

Upon the production of the new list of ministers, there was much surprise. However, the mild and benevolent habits of Mr. Addington, joined to his well established reputation for talents and political sagacity, were sufficient pledges to the public, that, upon the score of tenderness to the liberties of the subject, and the general happiness of the state, they had every thing to hope from his ascendancy.

This favourable opinion of the new ministry was augmented daily, and by no other act more than by one which very speedily followed their accession to office—the Peace of Amiens.

This peace has excited only one regret, which is, that those who made it were unable to keep it. While it was strenuously supported by Mr. Pitt, and, of course, by the ministry of the day, it was no less fiercely attacked by the Windham and Grenville party. When asked by Mr. Windham what we had gained by this peace, Mr. Addington made the memorable reply:—"I will tell the Right Honourable Gentleman what we have gained by it; we have gained all that we have not lost."

The session of Parliament in which Mr. Addington first became minister, was soon wound up, and a dissolution immediately took place. To the honour of Mr. Addington it must ever be recorded, that he here almost denied himself the common patronage of the treasury, or at least abstained from all those corrupt practices, and overawing means of influence, to procure parliamentary returns, which none of his predecessors had the delicacy to avoid. He made a resolution not to interfere in any of the elections, and this resolution he religiously observed. Government was not suffered to interfere in any single contest; and the treasury and independent candidate met, for the first time, on an equal footing.

Parliament thus freely chosen, was, to its honour, favourable to the minister and his party. War, however, soon became the cla-

mour of the day. Mr. Addington made every struggle to maintain the peace; but he was, at length, compelled to demolish the corner-stone of his fame, and deface the fairest of his works. Unquestionably, no censure can be imputed to Mr. Addington; for the war was in a moment almost as popular as the peace had before been.

Mr. Pitt appeared in Parliament, and defended the rupture with France; but he soon retired from public business, on the score of ill health. The busy period of Mr. Addington's life now commenced. Invasion was threatened, and it was necessary to take precautions against it. For this purpose, the Army of Reserve was projected; a method of recruiting, which, notwithstanding its expence, produced more men in a shorter period than any of the boasted projects of his successors. Mr. Addington, moreover, was the first to call out and animate those loyal corps, to whom England owes much of her present security—we allude to the volunteers.

In the very midst of this career of deserved popularity, the ground was loosening under the feet of the minister, and his political existence every moment threatened. The sunshine and support of Mr. Pitt's countenance were suddenly withdrawn; the alienation of that gentleman was visible in the sneer of Mr. Canning, and the taunt of Mr. Huskisson. The members, most in the confidence of Mr. Pitt, were seen embodied in a formidable phalanx; and wanted only their leader to put himself at their head, to threaten the treasury-bench with a formidable assault. To save his power, Mr. Addington disdained any compromise of his character. Not unmindful, however, of what he owed to his illustrious friend, he offered to admit him to a more than equal participation of power, to resign his own seat to him, and accept an office in his administration. Lord Melville was employed to negotiate between them: but Mr. Pitt refused, at *that time*, to come into power without associating the Grenvilles and Mr. Windham with him—a party which had uniformly treated Mr. Addington with an acrimony and contempt beyond the ordinary bounds of political licence. Mr. Addington now conceived himself justified in drawing back his negotiation, and stood upon the basis of his own integrity. The services he had done, and was capable of rendering to his country; his sufficiency for his office; his popularity, confidence with the King; and resolving to appeal to his strength in both Houses of Parliament.

An open war was now declared between the two parties; Mr. Pitt, however, notwithstanding his own personal weight, and the extent of his influence in the country, would not have prevailed with ease, but for the assistance which, in this common object—that of dispossessing the minister of the day—was tendered to him by the Foxites. The gentlemen of that party united with him in an opposition to the military measures of Mr. Addington, and upon a preconcerted debate, as a trial of strength, the majority of Mr. Addington was so extremely small in the Commons, that he resigned without waiting an issue in the House of Lords.

Mr. Pitt was now reinstated in full power, but the associates in his victory were not admitted as the partners of his spoils. The positive dislike of the King, as it was known, excluded the party of Mr. Fox.

Mr. Addington retired with the general regret of the people: they feared lest his mild and indulgent sway should be succeeded by stern and arrogant controul. Pitt was esteemed, but not loved; Addington was both.

Upon his retreat, however, his Majesty created him a Peer, by the title of Viscount Sidmouth; and presented him with a splendid domain in Richmond Park. He had obtained, whilst in office, the Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland for his eldest son.

Lord Sidmouth was not, however, long left in retirement. At the special entreaty of the King, he resumed an office in the Cabinet; one of dignity and official weight, though not of much political activity. He was here considered as the prime adviser, and most confidential servant of the King; and, it is believed that the friends of Mr. Pitt were both jealous and afraid of his influence. Such, however, was his high sense and honour, his constitutional integrity, and love both for the people and the King, that no private influence was ever suspected to be capable of his abuse.

Upon the death of Mr. Pitt, when his ministry was dissolved, Lord Sidmouth retired with them, but only to be replaced.

When the Grenville administration was formed, Lord Sidmouth (it is believed at the earnest entreaty and positive command of the King) consented to occupy, in their Cabinet, the office of Lord President of the Council.

The history of this ministry is fresh in the minds of all. The cause of their retreat is also known. It is equally well known, that Lord Sidmouth wholly dissented from their measures with respect to the Irish Roman Catholics; and that, on account of his associates persisting in this measure, he tendered his resignation to the

King. Shortly after, his Majesty dismissed the Grenville administration; and Lord Sidmouth, though not involved in their culpability, thought fit to retire with them.

Upon the agitation of the causes of their dismissal in the House of Lords, Lord Sidmouth explained them with that candour and simplicity, which are the peculiar marks of his character.

Since this occurrence, Lord Sidmouth has not been very active as a politician, and not at all officious as a partisan. He has kept aloof, with dignity, from the squabbles of both sides.

Considered as a private character, a more pleasing review of domestic life could not be offered than that which Lord Sidmouth affords. He is married, and has several children: he has a very affluent private fortune, and employs it in expenditure not unworthy his rank. A man who has much cultivated letters, and of an excellent taste, can never be lost in retirement.—It is thus with Lord Sidmouth, and though there is little doubt he must occupy some ministerial office, yet it is not to be concluded that the leisure of such a man will be without its fruits.

The family of Mr. Addington are all well provided for. His brother, the Right Honourable Hiley Addington, filled a high office under his brother's administration, and that of Lord Grenville. He is a man of talents, and greatly respected for his private virtues, and gentlemanly conduct. A sister of Lord Sidmouth's is married to Mr. Bragge Bathurst, the present member for Bristol.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ADVICE TO ALDERMEN AND CORPORATE BODIES.

AS in logic, the greater contains the less, so in addressing myself most ostensibly to *your Worships*, I shall not confine myself exclusively to those who are distinguished by the civic gown, but shall range from the high and mighty mayor, to the humble bell-man of the corporation, who continues to make as much noise as any of you, in the way of *his calling*; and, in descending the staircase, shall pause on each step to offer a few hints.

As to the lord mayor of the metropolis, he is already supplied with a City *remembrancer*, in case he should forget himself; though indeed, after the proof of his abilities in counting the hobnails, one would suppose that a city remembrancer would be as unnecessary as a city fool; which office, it is said, has been laid aside for some years, either from motives of economy, as supposing it useless, or from a conviction that there were many of the corporatian disposed to perform that part without a salary.

As to my friends in provincial cities, and in the smaller towns, I shall hope to be indulged by them with a few moments conversation. In the first place, you must recollect that you are the greatest man in the town; a truth which you will have so many opportunities of contemplating, during the year in which you wield the mace, that I hope you will never forget it. 'Tis true, there cannot be two kings in Brentford, and therefore your successor will be disposed to contend the point, in asserting his own temporary claim; but you must remember the proverb, "once a captain, always a captain:" and though you are obliged to yield up the insignia of office, be careful to let your neighbours know that you think yourself as great as when you filled the civic chair in all the pomp of corporate majesty.

There are many old stories, which, since the days of Joe Miller, have been a kind of *droits* attached to your office; such as the "mash of bran to entertain the *old mare*." These are stories which your grandfather (if you had one) has often laughed at, not forgetting the reply of the clown, who, on being requested repeatedly to take off his hat before his Worship, as he was a *mayor*, answered with some *naivete*, or perhaps affected wit, "cry you mercy! I thoft he'd been *an ass*." Another proof of acute judgment in your worshipful brotherhood has been lately told of the chief magistrate of a borough bordering on the Channel, where the tower of the church had been for some time the leading sea-mark. The commanding officer of the squadron off Dungeness having requested, by letter, that the tower might be *whitewashed*, to make it more conspicuous in hazy weather, his judicious worship consented to the whitewashing, but wished

to know *of what colour!* There is an old saying, "you may as well hang a dog, as give him a bad name:" In reference to this, as the world seem to have agreed in fixing to your office even a proverbial stupidity, it would be useless, perhaps in many cases impossible, to do away the impression.

What you want in sense, you must make up in *greatness*, and if you are selling a halfpenny worth of pins, a breast of mutton, or a blistering plaister, be careful to shew yourself *the mayor!*—indeed, if you know how to look sharp after the main chance, you may find your civic dignity a foot-stool to more solid advantages; the name is every thing, and every old woman in the parish will buy her snuff at your shop, in order to gossip with Mrs. Mayoress.

You, Mr. Alderman, are a mayor-expectant, or, in other words, you are one of the blocks from which a mayor is to be fashioned every year. As in London, and in some other cities, your office makes you a magistrate, or at least opens your way to the bench, you are of course, by virtue of your mandamus, a *spick and span new* Esquire. This, indeed, is a title assumed by every man not behind a counter, or behind a carriage, but a title to which you have a *legal* claim. In old times, the title of Gentleman was thought an honourable one, but *now-a days*, it has so few claimants (as a title of *address* I mean) that I have often been disposed to give my fellow-citizens credit for their modesty, in shunning an appellation to which they did not think themselves entitled: however, I have since been led to think that its indiscriminate use, *may* have rendered it less an object of ambition. I recollect some years ago, at the *Old Bailey*, a fellow of the most blackguard and squalid appearance, was tried for picking the pocket of a livery-servant in Plumtree-street. An old apple-woman, in her evidence, declared that she saw the *gentleman* walking from Russel-street to St. Giles's.—"What gentleman?" she was asked. "That gentleman," pointing to the prosecutor. Then she saw the gentleman follow him and pick his pocket. "What gentleman?" she was again asked. "The *gentleman* at the bar!"—As you have, therefore, nothing to do with the name of gentleman, stick fast to that of esquire; and, to preserve your dignity, you must also be tenacious in appropriating that of "*your worship*;"—though even this may be carried so far as to be ridiculous. A fellow had been brought before a late worthy alderman of this famous city, for a midnight brawl: not paying due regard to the dignity of the magistrate, he was several times warned by the attending constable to say "your worship;" and on being discharged with a reprimand, he was again cautioned. that whenever he should come in future before the same personage, he should recollect it was necessary to address him in the same respectful manner. In the course of the day, a sale took place, when the *sitting* magistrate *stood up* with a hammer!—The *quondam* prisoner was present, and in due time astonished the tribe of jews and brokers, with—"sixpence more, you worship! a shilling more, your worship!" The story becoming known, the room was convulsed with laughter, and it was some years before his *worship* could rub it off.

If you really are a clever fellow, as it *sometimes* happens, you stand no great chance of being elected mayor, as, by a kind of elective attraction and repulsion, all corporate bodies seem afraid of a genius that knows more than themselves; though there may arise certain occasions, on which your services will be specifically required, such as to help them *out of a hobble*, or to act as a kind of memorandum, to book to Mr. Mayor, when any great folks visit the corporation. On the *latter* occasion, you must be careful in your mode of giving your hints to his worship, as, from the rapid whirl of his ideas, he may perhaps give *your* hints to his high and mighty visitors. A story of this kind is told, though perhaps you may have already seen it in some of the cheap collections of wit and anecdote, which, by their rapid dissemination amongst all classes, have rendered John Bull as famous for repartee as he was formerly for beef and pudding. Once on a time, in the reign of a certain king of England, the heir apparent, a gay youth, was on a tour through his papa's dominions, and having stopped unexpectedly at a corporate town, it was thought necessary to receive him with a speech. As Mr Mayor was not remarkable for the knowledge or practice of courtly eloquence, it was determined, on the spur of the moment, that a learned alderman, who had often astonished them at both court and vestry, by a detail of what he would say—"aye, to the king himself, if so be his Majesty, "God bless him! would make *he* a privy-"counsellor."—Stop—where was I?—aye, it was determined that this same alderman, who had been once to London too, should act the part of *Flapper* to his worship. On being admitted to the presence of the royal visitor, Mr. Mayor hung down his head in *expressive silence*,

when his right hand man whispered to him "to hold up his head and look like a man."—This hint produced the effect of rousing the mayor, though without awakening his senses, for he immediately bawled out, "hold up your head, and look like a man." The prompter, astonished at this opening, exclaimed in rather a loud whisper, "what the devil are you about."—Mr. Mayor, like a faithful echo, repeated this very pertinent question to his royal highness, when the alderman, vexed at the bad success of his second hint, peevishly whispered, "if you go on at this rate, you'll ruin us all, by God." The *intelligent* mayor again repeated this very striking denunciation with an air of magisterial grace, whilst his address so *ill-timed*, though perhaps *well applied*, became a source of laughter to the hearers, but of never-ending chagrin to the loyal corporation, who, whatever might have been their private opinions, were by no means disposed to give them the sanction of public avowal.

When any motion of consequence is expected in your conclave, you must always attend with a speech ready *cut and dry*; only if you should happen to be late in your attendance, it may be as well just to enquire *what motion* is before the Court, before you venture to open your stores of oratory.

A worthy alderman having come prepared for a vote of thanks to the old ministry, and a motion of congratulation to a new one, seized the opportunity of a finale being put to a fit of coughing, which occupied the Court at his entrance, to catch the eye of the chair, and thus addressed him: "Mr. Mayor, I say Mr. Mayor "and Gemmen, I say I come prepared on this "here change, for though I approve, I say "approve of those who have performed their "office well, yet d'ye mind me, Mr. Mayor, "I say when a body is worn out, Mr. Mayor, "and has no longer a bond of union, why then "Mr. Mayor, though they have done the best "in their day, yet I don't see why we should "not try new ones—new ones I say, Mr. "Mayor——new brooms sweep clean, Mr. "Mayor." This eloquent speech, so *well-timed*, was received with high applause, as the motion *actually* in consideration by the Court *was* the necessity of purchasing *new brooms*, the old ones being worn out;—yet still the caution is necessary, as *you* may perhaps not be so fortunate in a random application.

As common councilman, though inferior to the alderman, yet you have many advantages over the humble livery from which you sprung—you have a more stilish gown, are nearer the good things on feasting days, and may perhaps be fortunate enough to arrive at the high degree of deputy in your ward! This is a pitch of civic grandeur which must never be forgotten as long as oil and canvas shall endure: therefore employ a painter instantly to represent you in your flowing robes, with a sufficient quantity of gold-lace on your snuff-coloured waistcoat, and a letter in your hand addressed to Mr. Deputy Sugar-Plumb, of *Bashaw*, or *Portsoking* Ward. If you are an economist, by applying to Harp-alley, you may perhaps find a decent likeness ready-made at half-price; and the porter in your warehouse with his marking brush can easily alter the superscription of *the letter* to your own address.

If you wish to immortalize your greatness by more durable materials than canvas, and yet have not patience to wait for that posthumous fame which shall hand you down to posterity on a tomb-stone, there is a bright example before you, not a hundred miles from Guildhall; send down a new tomb-stone for your father's grave, should it be in Cumberland or any other county, with an epitaph informing the gaping reader, that it was erected by "*his son, a member of the Corporation of the City of London.*"

You will *all* recollect that London is a microcosm, a kind of epitome of the whole world: therefore, as you are so well qualified *to rule the one*, it is a natural consequence that you must be equally well prepared *to conduct the other*. You will therefore always seize an opportunity of introducing *uncommon* subjects before your *common halls*; it is quite unnecessary that you should *understand* the subject, it is enough if you can speak upon it, therefore whether it is a battle or a treaty of peace, your plan is to find fault with it in *toto*, and by asking a number of questions which there is nobody there to answer, you will arrive at the character of a *tiptop speechifier*.

Though as liverymen, you cannot all be common councilmen or deputies, yet there are many snug sops for ambition in your own companies and halls;—now, when I talk of *sops*, I dare say many of you who are *book-larned*, envy the first fellow who ever *got a sop!* I mean that three-headed Cerberus. Heavens! three heads, and every head a mouth! what destruction would he have made at a city feast? one mouth for turbot, one for turtle, and one ready for a smoking slice of the fat haunch,—then the advantage of hobnobbing with three friends at once, or of calling for a plate of hot

pudding from one end of the table, whilst you are nodding "good health" to my lord mayor, or the master warden at the other.

Ding dong! ding dong! Make way there; here come the constable, beadles, and town-crier. Gentlemen, the feast is over; nothing left for you but the broken victuals. 'Tis true, I promised to notice you all in your places, but I dare say you all know that *great men's* promises are not to be attended to. Sit down and help yourselves.—There, much good may it do you.—I hope you kept a good look-out, and have still some of the *best wine* left under the sideboard. You must be far out in your reckoning indeed, if you have not *some good port* under your lee. So, good night:—I'll e'en stagger home!

ON IMAGINARY CONSEQUENCE.

THAT mankind in general judge from appearance only, the experience of each day is sufficient to convince us; yet I believe, if we were to look rather closer into the matter, we should find, that in the greater part of these instances, the appearances would prove deceitful. A passion for swaggering, or endeavouring to appear of more importance in the world than rank in life or abilities entitle them to, seems to pervade the general mass of society; and although this desire of gaining consequence often leads people into the most ridiculous situations, its influence seems rather to increase than diminish:—nay, it is become so universal, that scarcely any attempts are made to stem this tide of folly. Good old English soicety, which formerly led tradesmen and their wives to associate together, when the business of the day was ended, without ceremony or disguise, is now no more.—At present every one tries to outdo his neighbour in extravagance and profusion—they boast as proudly of their cellar, their house in the country, or their engagements, as a nobleman; and no longer being able to bear the fatigue attendant on business, they leave it to the care of indifferent people, who promote it only as it may conduce to their own interest: yet many in climbing this hill fall ere they attain the summit, gaining only the honourable distinction of seeing their names in print with the old Roman characters of *whereas* before them.

Private gentlemen, who used to live comfortably among their tenants and friends in the country, must now have a town house and carriages, although they mortgage every acre of their land, and ruin their posterity; they rush into every vice, for the sake of being fashionable, till the gaming-table teaches them a lesson which comes too late to redeem them from poverty and contempt.

Nor are the nobility less subject to this fashionable *mania*; their balls, masquerades, concerts, *petit soupees*, and all the other species of dissipations, which are the everlasting topics of the diurnal prints, are not given for the pleasure they afford, but for the sake of displaying a pride and ostentation which ought to be concealed, rather than thus shamefully exposed.

Having read in the papers, while on an excursion in the country, that the daughter of an old friend of mine (a merchant in Philpot-lane) was married to a nobleman, on my return to town, I hastened to offer my congratulations upon so important an event. I found Mr. L. as usual in his counting-house, in no one respect altered from the plain honest man I had always known him to be. "I thought my friend," said he, in answer to my inquiries, "that you "had known me better than to suppose that "the mere power of calling a lord my son-in-"law could make me a pin the happier. I "view him as a man, without regard to his "rank; for nobility, in my opinion, unless "it is allied to worth, is rather a disgrace than "an honour to its possessor. I wish my girl "had made a different choice, for though Lord "R—— has no very bad qualities that I have "heard of, his foibles are numerous, and his "virtues are solely of the negative kind. To "say the truth (notwithstanding appearances) "this alliance has been productive of more un-"easiness to me than pleasure. Lord R—— "happened to see Elizabeth at Brighton last "summer, and being attracted by the beauty "of her person, was led to make some inquiries "respecting her family and fortune, and the "report of my wealth proved so much to his "satisfaction, that he immediately commenced "his addresses to her. The truth is, that my "lord, who is nearly forty, has, by his extra-"vagance, been obliged to mortgage his estate "for very considerable sums, and this oppor-"tunity of redeeming them, for no other sacri-

"fice than giving a fine girl his title, seemed "too eligible to be disregarded. My consent "was soon gained, for as Betty had set her "heart on the match, and would not listen to "my entreaties, that she should choose a hus- "band in her own station of life, I thought it "would be cruel to deny her my sanction. I "am sorry to add, that since her marriage, "Lady R—— has considered herself so far ele- "vated above her family, that we are quite "disregarded by her; and if we receive an in- "vitation to dine in Portman-square, now and "then, we consider it as a great condescension. "Upon these occasions, I confess I am some- "times a little angry; for the pride of my lord, "and the vanity of my lady, leave Philip and "I almost without notice: nay, even the pow- "dered lacquies that wait on us, seem to view "us with the utmost disdain—and to meet a "sensible person at their table, who will enter "into a rational conversation, is a rarity to "which I am almost unaccustomed. I am "afraid Elizabeth is pursuing a course of "folly and dissipation which will end in her "ruin: she has not a sound understanding, and "therefore plunges, without thought, into "every species of extravagance for the sake of "gaining celebrity. I might indeed have been "noticed by her if I would have consented to "to have given up my old house for one of the "fashionable squares, but this is a sacrifice "which I could never make for any one. As "for Philip, who was a beau before, he is "now one of the greatest fops in the kingdom. "He has got, Sir, a vile habit of swaggering; "and after one of these visits the fit comes on, "and the details of his consequence among his "City connexions (in which he is too apt to "leave truth behind), have made him more "enemies than he ever had friends. The sen- "sible are wearied with his folly, and the "foolish envy him, so that he is universally "disregarded among his old friends, without "having acquired one new one that will take "any notice of him. His business he will no "longer attend to; and I am fearful the only "chance he has of making fashionable con- "nexions is among the chocolate-houses in "St. James's-street, where they will flatter "him while his money lasts, and then send "him back to the City for more. And now "my friend," said he, "do you think these "are things to congratulate me on?" I con- fessed I did not. "Nay, then," said he, let me "advise you—look a little more narrowly into "circumstances before you attempt to form an "opinion. Depend upon it, appearances in "these times will never give you a knowledge "of mankind, but may lead you into miscon- "ceptions, which the nicest discrimination "will hardly enable you to detect."

THE FALSE TARANTATA.

A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

THE bite of the tarantula is said to occasion an inflammation in the part of the body about the wound: in a few hours a dreadful and heavy sickness comes on, attended with a difficulty of breathing, and terminating in a general lassitude and faintness. The idle story of its effects being counteracted by music, is now acknowledged to have been a trick played by certain impostors in Italy, in order to draw money from credulous travellers, who were eager to witness the supposed consequences of the poison of this singular kind of spider. Those who are bitten, or who pretend to be so, are called *Tarantati*; and among these, none was ever more famous than a man named Ganasco, from the width of his jaws, and the contortions of his countenance during his pretended fits. Genasco was a vine-setter and dresser by trade, and one of the most idle of that idle profession. He therefore scarcely earned enough to keep a ragged jacket on his shoulders, or a bit of bread in his enormous mouth, yet, forsooth, he must contrive to fall in love with one of the lasses who were employed as vintagers. Her name was Midolla; and although she was as black as the burnt crust of a rye loaf, yet she was both merry and saucy, and with some reason, for she had got a rich lover, no less than Romajuolo, the head cook of a Neapolitan count. This would indeed have driven some men to their wit's end, but it set Genasco's wits a working like new wine: some men it would have driven mad in earnest, but for Genasco, it drove him mad in jest, which is sometimes a great deal worse.—So, having burnt and inflamed one of his hands,

he shewed it to his companions, and declared that he had been bitten by a tarantula. All of them instantly crowded about him, expecting to see him seized with the usual convulsive panting and sickness; he, however, waited until he perceived Midolla among them, and then he pretended to be taken by a sudden faintness, sinking, like one expiring, upon the ground.—Music was immediately called for, and, as the peasants of Italy are none of them unprovided with a guitar or a lute, music was not long wanting. But until Midolla, being prevailed upon to try her power, thrummed a little lively air upon her instrument, every strain, both merry and sad, seemed to have no effect. At the sound of her guitar, Genasco slapped his hands together, and, with a loud cry, jumped upon his feet. She continued to play, while he danced and leaped about; and never did any face make such grimaces, nor ever was any face so well made for grimaces as Genasco's.—After the dancing fit had lasted a considerable time, he pretended to be quite exhausted for a few moments, and then, as if he suddenly recollected all that had happened, he threw himself at the feet of Midolla, and having thanked her for the miraculous cure she had wrought upon him, entreated her not to desert her patient, but on the return of his fit to administer that melodious remedy, which alone could recal his senses. Midolla, flattered by the effects of her skill, promised her musical assistance, and away she tripped to the thrumming of her own guitar. In the mean time, the news spread abroad that a vine-dresser had been bitten; that he had had one fit, and would probably dance the tarantata the next day. The curious assembled from all parts. Genasco sickened in the morning, fell into a torpid state about noon, and by the evening was as lifeless and senseless as it was necessary for a dancer of this sort to become. A collection was made for him, which amounted to a tolerable sum. He was dressed in white; bunches of grapes and bows of red, green, and yellow ribbons, were hung about him; over his shoulders was thrown a white consecrated scarf, and his long straight black hair was combed over his face, which was painted with wine-lees. The musicians of the neighbourhood contended for the honour of rousing him from his trance. Fiddles and flutes, cymbals and lutes, hautboys, flageolets, bassoons, and hurdygurdies, all attempted this wonderful resuscitation; but alas, they attempted it in vain: the greatest musician among them all could obtain no more from him than a grunt. But when Midolla, mindful of her promise, ouched the strings of her guitar, he jumped instantly upon his feet, and with a yell of approbation, cut capers in the air that would have surprised Carduci himself. Every body was as frightened and delighted as any body could wish to be at such a spectacle; and Genasco's fame, as the most wonderful tarantata ever known, spread far and near. No wonder if his fame continued to increase, since love and interest united to excite his exertions. He travelled about the country, and Midolla, with her guitar, accompanied him. Money flowed in apace; and never were physician and patient so happy in getting and sharing their fees together. But such luck was too good to last: misfortune has set off in pursuit of Genasco just at the very moment that he had forgotten her; and, worse than all, it was in the figure of Romajuolo, head cook to a Neapolitan count, that misfortune chose to dodge her dancing victim from town to town. Romajuolo, head cook to a Neapolitan count, and desperately in love with the crusty Midolla, had armed himself with a long ladle and a carving-knife. Genasco meantime, and his melodious physician, had arrived at the town of Cocenza—notice had been given of their arrival, and every soul was eager to see the tarantata danced in such perfection. Every fiddle in Cocenza was new strung; every fiddlestick was new rosined, but not a fidler in Cocenza could produce any effect upon the torpid Genasco; he would not deign to move a limb, or even to honour a full concert with any thing more than his usual howl. And now Midolla was preparing to exert her powerful instrument, when, suddenly, the furious Romajuolo, leaping over the heads of the musicians, began to belabour the poor tarantata so unmercifully, that he soon found his legs, but seemed much more inclined to run than to dance. The head cook of a Neapolitan count was, however, not to be served with such sauce; but seizing on the trembling culprit by his white scarf, and hitting him another dreadful blow on the posteriors with his ladle, he held him up to the company, who, if they delighted in grimaces, must have been delighted with those which the visage of Genasco had exhibited. Midolla screamed, and the whole assembly was in an uproar. "This is an impostor," cried Romajuolo, "and I will make him confess it."—"He must be an impostor," exclaimed all the disappointed fiddlers at once, "and he shall confess it." The head cook of a Neapolitan count drew forth his carving-knife, and the wretched Genasco instantly did confess it—confessed his imposture, fell upon his knees, and roared aloud for mercy. But every fiddler, with upraised fiddle-stick, roared out still

louder for his death; and had not a Magistrate of Cocenza been present, the poor devil would have been sacrificed to their revenge and Romajuolo's jealousy. The Magistrate took charge of him; but the unfortunate Genasco almost regretted the protection thus afforded, when he found himself torn from the lovely Midolla, consigned to a prison, and condemned to stand in a sort of stocks, which held his feet fast, and bent his neck like a yoke. As for Midolla, she, like a treacherous hussey as she was, sought and found safety in the arms of Romajuolo; and it was not the least of Genasco's sufferings, that, as she was leaving the town with the head cook of a Neapolitan Count, she thrummed her guitar, and, with a sly laugh, requested the wretched tarantata, whose feet were wedged into a socket of oak, to honour her wedding with one of his best dances.

HINTS TO THE RISING GENERATION.

AS the formation of the national character has always been considered a matter of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the learned and eminent of all ages, no apology need be offered for an humble endeavour to draw the attention of the rising generation to those abilities and accomplishments which have gained for the young men of these days a celebrity which must inspire universal emulation.

In the first place, it must be recollected, that as this is an *enlightened* age, more than ordinary care should be taken, to gain an insight into those sources, from which so proud a distinction from our forefathers has arisen; and if this point should, after long investigation, remain doubtful, you must recollect, that much depends on *sound*, as well as *substance*; and that the former (if you have a plentiful flow of words) will always enable you to give an explanation of the term, which, as no one will be able to understand, so none can ever confute.

With regard to abilities, if you should happen to be somewhat deficient in this respect, (as is no uncommon case), you may console yourself by observing, that the public favour is scarcely ever guided by the merit of the object; but that a title, a splendid fortune, or even what is termed a *happy presence of mind*, (which some of the old school, indeed, call *impudence*), will always procure for you a distinction, which neither ability or good sense would ever entitle you to.

Should your inclinations turn to oratory, I would advise you rather to use your abilities in those places where you think it may be of some service to you, than to employ them in a more numerous assembly, where, unless you are attached to a party, and are striving to get into place, it will be more for your advantage to sit still, and dispose of your vote to the best bidder. I think I need not guard you against the folly of advocating the cause of patriotism; the age is too *enlightened* ever to adopt a course of that kind, and if you were really sincere in your professions, no one would believe you; for, as *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* shrewdly observes, "even the common people "have found out the joke, and laugh at the "name of a *patriot*." Talk, therefore, of patriotism, but never practise it; keep an eye to your own interest, and if any foolish fellow should talk to you of Pym or Hampden, turn a deaf ear to him, and think on Sir Robert Walpole.

Adopt the opinions of others, when they are in conformity with your own, as this will save you considerable trouble; but if you wish to regulate the opinions of others by your own, assert every thing positively (however doubtful); for this is the only way to make yourself believed.

As to literature, if you have any inclination or ability to pursue it, you may exercise your talents in writing sonnets for the newspapers in one name, and answering them in another, for this cannot fail to gain you reputation with the Ladies, and procure you the appellation of a fashionable man; or if you cultivate the profounder paths of history, glean from other authors, (but call it *original composition*), and work your fragments together, like a quack medicine, so as to conceal the ingredients of which it is composed; by which means, if any of your readers should recognize an old acquaintance, they will not be able to discover where they have seen it before, and consequently can not detect you.

With regard to accomplishments, do not neglect so fashionable a one as swearing; this is in universal repute; and if you should be told that it is practised by the lowest drayman that you see in the street, you may reply, that it is

also used by the first Noblemen in the kingdom, and the argument will at least hold as good on your side, as on theirs. Learn also to drive your groom in style; and take care that your dress be so exactly like his, that no one shall be able to distinguish any difference between you.

As boxing (or, as it is more politely termed, pugilism) is so much in vogue, if you are able, do not fail to patronize one of our noted prize-fighters. Should the practice of it be attacked, assert that the age is degenerating into effeminacy, and can be only restored to its former vigour by such manly sports; and if this argument does not prove sufficient, treat the appellant with *silent contempt*; for I know not what other excuse you can offer for so brutal an amusement. If you are tolerably strong, practise the science a little yourself, it may enable you to knock down some feeble, querulous, old watchman, should any such molest you on your return from midnight vigils.

Drinking is another accomplishment, with which you must by no means be unacquainted; when you are used to company, however, this will become instinctive; and if it should at first prove unpleasant to you to take such copious libations, be assured that practice will soon remedy this dislike, and, after you have been thrown under the table for some time, you will gain sufficient bottom to send others there in your turn. Drink more wine as it increases in price—this is the very *acme* of fashion, and must not be neglected.

Let the fashion of your clothes be conformed to every whim of the moment, lest any one should get a catalogue of your wardrobe; or, f you are sufficiently celebrated, invent a fashion of your own; in the form, be careful not to be guided by taste. Fashion, in this age, has nothing to do with taste; such ideas were fit only for the dark ages. It might not be amiss, perhaps, to adopt the idea of the famous Mr. Sk-ff-gt-on, who had just cloth enough dyed in the wool to make two coats, that his clothes should be of a different colour to those of every other person.

Frequent public places, but do not attend to any performance; lounge in the lobbies, or chat in the pit at the opera with your friends in the boxes—this should be your principal employment; you may also stare every modest woman out of countenance, and if you should observe any quiet people, who seem to be entertained with the representation, do not fail to disturb them by talking or laughing loud. If you think you can insult a person with impunity, be sure to do it; but never meddle with any one who seems likely to take you by the nose, or apply his foot to the seat of honour; for this might strike a blow at your reputation, which would not be very easily remedied.

Whenever you marry, instead of enquiring into the disposition or good qualities of the lady that you intend to make your wife, take care to learn the amount of her fortune, and the extent of her connections. If she is handsome, it may serve to make you fashionable; but do not let that be your only inducement, for beauty is a marketable commodity, and should therefore be but a secondary consideration. But above all things never marry for love; for if you do, your celebrity is lost for ever. To preserve this, you must be an indifferent husband; conjugal happiness (in the higher circles especially) has long been exploded.

Whatever other maxims may be of service to you in the formation of your character, may be learnt by observing the manners and customs of the fashionable world. These will afford you an inexhaustible fund for your imitation and practice; and I have little doubt but that you will gradually increase by such means to that pitch of excellence, which alone reaches to the perfection that I have described. Heed not, therefore, the snarls of cynics, or the railings of misanthropy, but adhere pertinaciously to a line of conduct which is universally approved by the liberal and unprejudiced part of the community.

LA BONNE BOUCHE.

JOHNSON.

EVERY body knows the sarcasm cast by Johnson on Lord Chesterfield, when his Dictionary first came out; there were, however, more reasons for Johnson's severity towards his Lordship, than have been mentioned by any of his biographers, if we may believe the following anecdote.

In the early part of Johnson's lexicographical pursuits, whilst his hopes of courtly patronage were in the bud, and when he expected that the sunshine of courtly favour would bring

his fruit to maturity, he had presented himself as a candidate for admission to his Lordship's levee, on a morning when it was rather crowded. Having been kept long waiting in an ante-chamber, where he saw many others admitted, he felt, or fancied, an intended humiliation, left the house in a pet, and on his way home calling at his friend Dodsley's he betrayed an extraordinary degree of agitation, whilst turning over the leaves of some new publications, which induced Mr. D. to make some pressing inquiries. Mr. D. who was remarkable for his general urbanity, and for that good humoured consideration which induced him to make good-natured allowances, attempted to persuade Johnson that his Lordship would not have shewn this appearance of neglect, if he had not been particularly engaged. "Ah, Robin! Robin! it wo'nt do," growled out the great Lexicographer; "my "attentions to him have been dealt out un-"sparingly; but I see at last, I have been all "this while gilding a rotten post."

KISSING.

Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, whilst accompanying a caravan in which were the natives of thirty different nations bordering on Ethiopia, procured a translation of part of Solomon's Song from each language; he observed a striking similarity in many parts of these translations, particularly in the word answering to *kiss*, which was the same in them all. Having mentioned this to a certain bonny Duchess, [Gordon], she archly retorted, "I "always told you, Mr. Bruce, that kissing is "the same all the world over!"

HONESTY.

There is a simplicity of honesty in the following anecdote, which, with the worldly minded, may raise doubts of its authenticity: we therefore give it without comment. During the seven years war in Silesia, an Officer was sent on a foraging party into a thickly wooded, though thinly inhabited valley on the banks of the Oder; he arrived at the door of a small cottage inhabited by an aged *Hernhutter*, or Quaker, to whom, on opening his door, he addressed himself, saying, "Father, shew me the road to the culti-"vated fields, that I may set my troops to fo-"raging." Fearing to disobey, the old man replied, "presently." and set out with them as their guide. After leading them a short way through the woods, they arrived at a fine field of corn. "Come," said the officer, "this "is the very thing we want."—"Stop a few "minutes," replied the aged guide, "and you "shall be satisfied." They advanced a little way farther, when they came to another fine field of grain. "Here," said the Quaker, "you can supply yourselves." The officer then observed, "Father, you have given "yourself and us unnecessary trouble; besides, "the first field was much better than this."—"True, Sir," replied the simple Hernhutter, "but then *it was not my own!*"

TYTHES.

A sprightly French author tells us the following anecdote, under the old regime. In the fertile plains of Normandy, the farmers were so much annoyed by the tythes, that they converted great part of their corn lands into pasture, which then paid nothing to the church.—One luxuriant district in particular had undergone this change, when the rector, who felt much chagrin at the diminution of his revenue, though he had no power to cause an alteration, took an opportunity of addressing one of the principal farmers: "Master Peter," said he, "in my opinion, if you would remove the "stones from that ground, manure it well, give "it a thorough ploughing, and sow it with "corn, you might still have very excellent "crops from it." To this the shrewd farmer replied, "you are much in the right, master "Parson, and if you will take the ground, "and do all this to it, I shall ask no more of "you than a tenth of the crop."

AFFECTION TO ANIMALS.

D'Hervieux, in his Tour to Palestine, relates an anecdote of an Arab of the desert, whose whole property and wealth was a very fine mare. The French consul residing at Sidon wished to purchase her as a present for Louis the Fourteenth, and promised a large sum of money to the owner, who was a long time unwilling to part with her. On the appointed day of delivery, the Arab arrived clothed in a tattered dress, and mounted on this elegant animal, when the money was counted out to him; he looked at it for some time, then turning to the mare, exclaimed, "To "whom am I to yield thee up, to Europe-"ans, who will beat thee, and make thee mi-"serable! Return with me, the light of my "eyes! my darling! the wind of the desert! "return with me, and rejoice the hearts of my "little ones!" As he spoke, he turned to the money with contempt, then mounting his darling courser, sprung off at a gallop, and returned to his tents in the wilderness.

ENGLAND: BY A FOREIGNER.

Mr. Editor,

IT is an old observation, "that we never see ourselves so plain as our friends do," the truth of which has never been controverted. What applies to individuals, may also be considered as having a reference to nations. In this point of view, though travellers *sometimes* make mistakes, yet their general observations are always deserving of notice. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to your readers to know the sentiments of a Frenchman respecting England in the last century; sentiments, which, for their extreme liberality in the comparison of the two nations, he dared not publish in Paris, but was obliged to seek for the license of a free press in Amsterdam; a circumstance, also, which seems to amount to a proof that his sentiments were congenial to those of the *many*, though he was restrained in the promulgation of them by the *few*. The work, which is so scarce as to be almost unknown, is in letters, from which I shall make the most interesting selections, and to give a true picture, I shall

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in
"malice;"

whilst the comparison of the two countries at the commencement of the *last century*, may lead the philosopher and the politician to interesting observations on their relative situations at the opening of the *present one*.

Yours, *Explorator.*

LETTER FIRST.

ONE of our rare wits has remarked that the English have no good historians, that history is not their *forte*, and that they were unable to produce one of any merit, even of their own country, until it was done by a Frenchman.—This is the reason he gives, or rather the conjecture he forms, on the cause of the defect with which he tacitly reproaches them. Perhaps, says he, the English genius, which is always in extremes, either cold or impetuous, has not yet acquired this simple eloquence, this noble air of history: perhaps, also, the spirit of party gives such a bias as to cause their own historians to be discredited, for one half of the nation is always the enemy of the other. Without examining whether these conjectures are well founded, I ask in turn, why the English have not as yet presented us with any good description of their country? We cannot surely attribute it to any indifference for their native land: we know that they love it too well to justify such an opinion; and it would indeed be a rare phenomenon to see an Englishman prefer any other country whatever to England, Paris, or Rome, to London, or any other nation to the British. I will not pretend exactly to decide; perhaps the English have not sufficient esteem for strangers, to offer them the delights and comforts which they themselves enjoy, but which they are not anxious that others should partake of. The very character of the nation is a fund of self-love, accompanied by a portion of contempt for the genius, the customs, and the manners of other states. All the world agrees in giving them this character, and they seem to allow it even themselves. I know that some great logicians have attempted to prove that the English are not remarkable for self-love, because, say they, they carry the practice of suicide to such an extent; but this prejudice seems to me to have but little foundation, for I believe, on the contrary, that no person ever took away his own life but with a view to be more happy, or at least to deliver himself from an insupportable evil. This hard extremity then to which a man is reduced, is really the effect of an excessive love for his own being, for his own individual self; it is, in effect, *self-love!* As to the reason which I have given, for the little attention paid by Englishmen to make foreigners acquainted with their country, I merely give it as a conjecture; but it is to this negligence that I am indebted for the idea of giving to you, and to the world, a faithful picture of what a stranger may expect in this charming country, inhabited by a famous nation, whose character has in it something peculiarly singular, and which serves to distinguish it from all the surrounding nations. You, my dear friend, or some of those to whom you communicate my letters, may ask whether I really have crossed the sea to obtain a knowledge of this famous island; whether I have rambled over the country, examined its cities, its villages, and its rural districts; whether I have mingled in the brilliancy of the court, and been an attentive observer both of the peers and commons, who form that redoubtable body denominated *the Parliament*, which has bounded, and even at the present day sets bounds to the power of their kings, by the noble and persevering boldness with which it resists

them, when they attempt the slightest wrong to the liberties or the privileges of the people. This and many more questions may be asked, and in giving an affirmative, I trust for credit in my descriptions, from the spirit of the very descriptions themselves; and, I may observe, that it holds good with the English in general, as with uncommon beauties, or persons of rare merit, who always gain upon our esteem and admiration in proportion as they are better known.

In the observations which I shall collect for your perusal, it is my intention to amuse as well as to instruct: and here I cannot help again adverting to the extraordinary fact, that a brave and warlike people, who have always made a great figure in Europe, which they have even pretended to hold in balance; that a people who have shone alike in councils or in arms, in ancient and in modern wars, should never yet, from a spirit of patriotism, and of laudable vanity, have given to other nations a true picture of their own. It is true, that the young English nobility, whilst on their travels, admire in France the magnificence of the court, and its pompous equipages, the sumptuous palaces of Versailles, and all the splendour of Paris; but when they pass into the provinces, *there* they find nothing which can be compared to their own; *there* they see nothing but poverty and misery, in comparison with *the people* of England, who live at their ease, and enjoy all the comforts arising from a state of perfect liberty. The same observation will strike them at Rome, at Vienna, and every where in their environs; but they will not find it so in their own country districts, *these* are fertile, well cultivated, and crowded with rich inhabitants. When we wish to know the difference between one government and another, it is only necessary to *look the people in the face*; and to examine their manner of living! If we see nothing but misery in a country which nature has created rich and fertile, it is surely a proof of slavery and oppression; but if, on the contrary, we see a gay and contented air characterise the inhabitants of a country sterile from the hands of nature, yet well cultivated, we have a certain proof of the existence of liberty cherished by a happy government. I have experienced much pleasure in forming my subjects for this correspondence, as I have never yet found any country in Europe where a foreigner can travel with the same advantages; for although the English do not offer great encouragement to strangers to settle among them, yet a travaller will always meet with politeness and civility from all classes, a generous hospitality, and excellent entertainment at their inns. The people of Europe have always been distinguished from the Asiatics by the name of *Franks*, on account of the happy and easy dispositions with which they are born; but, alas! what is become of those happy dispositions at the present day? One has much trouble to find them, except in this happy country, where indeed they are yet well preserved: but the inquisitions, both of religion and of the state, seem to have banished them entirely from all other places. We know too well that at Paris a single denunciation against any one, though not on oath, whether in matters civil or ecclesiastical, is sufficient to shut up a man in the Bastile, of whatever nation he may be; that even without examination men are kept in confinement at the will of the magistrate, and often forgotten, without being heard of for many years. At Rome, conversation is limited to architecture, to painting, and to antiquities, and *that* on account of the ecclesiastical inquisition, which imprisons whom it pleases, with a despotic power, in the same degree as in Spain. At Venice, although a republic, one runs the same risk from the inquisition of the state. An English gentleman, on his way from Vienna to Venice, stopped to dine at Lubians, the capital of Carinthia, and chose to sit down at the public table with a mixed society of different nations. The conversation at dinner turned upon the sovereignty of the Venetian state over the Adriatic Sea; and some one observed, that the doge espoused this sea every year, to shew to the world, that if any ship of war, of any nation whatsoever, should attempt to enter, it would be a violation of the sacred rite of marriage, and an infringement of the doge's rights. The Englishman pleasantly enough observed, "that then "the King of France had often cuckolded the "Venetian state, because to his own know-"ledge, French ships of war had often made "prizes of imperial vessels even in this very "sea." As soon as the English gentleman arrived at Venice he was summoned before the secret council of the state inquisitors, when, after having received a reprimand, he was cautioned "to be more circumspect for the future "when he spoke of sovereign states, because "they had *long ears and heavy hands!*"—Even the republic of Holland gives an absolute power to its council of state over people who speak too freely: indeed, there are examples of gentlemen who have been kept for many years in prison, without ever knowing their

alleged crimes, or the cause of their detention. But in this country of liberty, every man reasons freely upon whatever subject he pleases, without fear of inquisitions, or of any personal danger. The good constitution of the country, which corrects its small errors, and comes nearer to perfection every succeeding parliament, does not pretend to infallibility, as other states do, and yet one may say that it is at present the best in the universe; it might, indeed, serve as a pattern and a model to other nations. In England, every father of a family who can afford it, ought to send his sons across the Channel, to see the miseries arising from slavery, in order to make them appreciate the happiness of their own fire-sides, and the excellence of their constitution. In doing this, they would, in some measure, imitate the ancient Lacedemonians, who exhibited their slaves when drunk to the children, in order to inspire them with a detestation of intemperance. The *Habeas Corpus* is here a unique and precious jewel, unpossessed in any other country. It is, properly speaking, the grand charter of Englishmen, which protects every individual not only against the oppression of the great, but also against the malice of his equals or inferiors. I shall resume the subject, and in whatever clime I may wander, be assured, my dear friend, that you will never be forgotten by

B.

We can with propriety assure our readers, that this series of Letters is not, like many others, a modern fabrication, but really the genuine sentiments of a Frenchman, selected and appropriated to the spirit of a periodical work, as promising to be equally instructive and amusing.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. XIII.

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, KNIGHT.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A *lie* and *truth* contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last, agreed, *together* out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
Nor this nor that, unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find!

POPE's Temple of Fame.

OF this Bonaparte of Booksellers, SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, much has been said and written, and much will, in all human probability, be hereafter written and said—if not also sung. It is by no means easy, however, to speak properly of him, whom fortune has so singularly favoured; who has been commemorated by biography, praised by poetry, caressed by civism, celebrated by typography, attended by talents, panegyrised by prisoners, honoured with knighthood, examined by counsel, and advised by judge. I enter cautiously upon the investigation of the public claims of one so conspicuous above his compeers.

Sir Richard Phillips, as I just hinted, has already received the homage of biographical commemoration. The *author* (miscalled, I hope, *authors*,) of the 'Memoirs of the Public and Private Life' of our illustrious knight, has laboured his utmost to ascertain and record the actions of his truly redoubtable hero. He possessed "secrets" which he conceived to be "worth knowing;" and though the subject of his narrative has disclaimed, through the medium of his official gazette, The Monthly Magazine, any knowledge of, or participation in, this tale of his feats, the compiler of it seems to have been confidentially admitted to the scenes he describes, and to have felt himself authorised to affirm all that he relates. How, indeed, could he otherwise have discovered the internal feelings and motives which he imputes to his friend Sir Richard—his hopes and fears, his projects as well as disappointments, his

emotions as well as actions? This the present biographer, "as he styles himself," has systematically done; and, having thus "rendered a just portrait," to continue *his* most exquisite *style*, "of a GREAT and GOOD man," i. e. of SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, he triumphantly presents it "to one who is the friend of that man, and an admirer of his virtues;" to one of—"the first men," of course, "in the land" —the Right Hon. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, M. P.! Oh, these cunning fellows, the Two Richards!!

"The wise and the good," says our Citizen of London, descanting on Sir Richard's merits, "of every rank, almost [Truly, *almost* and *hardby* do—do what?—do, as the adage expresseth it, *save many a lie!*] adore him."—"Happy man!" he adds, "who need not envy the *greatest monarch* that reigns in this sublunary world! The acquirement of *thy dignities* did not cost the widow or the orphan [Not a word about authors!] a single pang; the sword, the *murdering* steel [Oh, this *Bonaparte of Booksellers!*] did not clear thy path to power.—Christian *virtues* have alone been the gradations *whereby thou hast ascended* [Not the New-drop!] *the height* [Perchance, he meaneth Hampstead Heath,] whence thou art enabled to *dispence comfort to the imprisoned* [Felons]—to the oppressed" [Not writers], &c. &c.

Such, it appears, is the right, trusty, and well-beloved Sir Richard Phillips; while as to his patron, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, it suffices, opines our Citizen of London, personally addressing him, that

"Thou hast no revenue but thy good spirits
"To feed and clothe thee!"

Is not this, however, carrying the joke rather too far? Since Richard the First is so circumstanced, might it not be as well if Richard the Second, who is "enabled to dispense comfort to" whomsoever it pleaseth him, exerted suitable compassion towards "the man whose talents have put his intentions into effect," as the "Champion of Britons' rights—the Friend of the People!" Have we to remind Sir Richard, with reference to Richard Brinsley, that, according to the motto appropriated for him by his historian,

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;"

and that, in order to avoid shame and acquire honour, it remains only to counsel Sir Richard, in the words of the poet last cited, saying

"Act well *your part*, there all the *honour* lies!"

Sir Richard, *not* being like Richard Brinsley, a *carniverous* animal, might well dispense with some of his superfluities,—to one who is represented as having nothing but "*good spirits* to feed and clothe" him! So far I am an advocate for the levelling, or equalising, system. Cases of this kind appear to call for a community of goods; or, as Johnson would have said, reciprocity of benefits.

Little is known as to the *natural* origin of Sir Richard Phillips. His biographer acknowledges the deficiency; but, says he, "how many *illiterate* mortals, *forgetful* [I suppose he decides, with Plato, that all *knowledge* is only *remembrance*] that we are all *descendants of Adam*, would *blush* to be told that their *origin* might be traced to a *clay-built cottage*, or a *hawthorn hedge*." Admirable!—It is not enough if we are asked, by intimation,

"When Adam delv'd, and Eve span,
"Where was then the gentleman?"—

But it seems also insinuated, impudently insinuated, that even Sir Richard is perhaps to be traced, generically traced, to "a hawthorn hedge." What are the ideas which this biographic Citizen of London means here to propagate? He indeed reminds me, and I cannot refrain from quoting them, of the following short lines, written on a conjunction of the nature to which he must be supposed to advert:

"Under a hedge, in stormy weather,
"Heav'n join'd this w— and rogue together!"

Well then, be it in "a clay-built cottage" or under "a hawthorn hedge," I have now done with the babe Richard, and shall proceed to follow him onwards. Every thing must have a beginning; and small beginnings are often productive of great ends. I could offer my sentiments in the way generally esteemed savoury; but Sir Richard is said to "nauseate an adulatory dish," and I wish to whet his appetite. It seems, however, that it has fallen to his lot to be "impotently assaulted by some despicable wretches."—I hope his biographer, when he penned this passage, entertained no presentiment of the Author of My Pocket-Book, or the Attorney-General, or my Lord Ellenborough?

Much as I feel disposed to admire the production entitled 'My Pocket Book,' and highly gifted as I believe the author of it to be, I suspect, at the same time, that this "wicked wit," though I will not call him the enemy of Sir Richard Phillips, has really proved, through the sides of poor Sir John Carr, one of Sir Richard's most formidable assailants.—

This writer has, with inquisitiveness equalled only by his mischievousness, thoroughly investigated the history of his sub-hero, Sir Richard, and, with the most unfeeling effrontery, detailed the whole result of his discoveries. I acknowledge myself greatly indebted to the industry of this indefatigable commentator on the 'Memoirs' of the subject of my present paper.

"From the ungrateful capital," says this gentleman, treating concerning Sir Richard's first *unsuccessful* visit to our metropolis, "the ardent youth [Meaning, hereby, the now Sir Sir Richard Phillips!] returned to Leicester, where, 'believe me upon my veracity,' he practised, for some time, as—a CONJUROR! This," it is added, "though it has escaped the knowledge of his [Meaning, again, the said Sir Richard] biographer, is perfectly in our own cognizance." See the *Monthly Mirror*, September 1808.

Mercy on us! what would not this waggish critic insinuate, and even caused to be believed? Sir Richard Phillips, henceforth always a Knight, and recently one of the Sheriffs of the City of London and County of Middlesex, is here positively represented as having exercised the—BLACK ART! And, that he desisted from the practise of it only because he was admonished "that the scruples of the *Law* might become jealous of his *Skill*." Pause, courteous reader! and think, for some minutes, what *might* have betided the most magnificent of publishers, had he long continued in the profession of legerdemain. Think of Richard Phillips the fortune-teller, and then look at Sir Richard Phillips the bookseller. Figure to thyself the fate of that prince of star-gazers, James Powell; remember the martyrology of astrology; but conceive, if yet thou can'st, the worshipful Sir Richard, instead of processionally parading from Black-Friars to Guildhall, being "accommodated with a whipping," pursuant to the sentence of the law, from Mutton-Lane to Aylesbury-Street, and, instead of being greeted by the acclamations of his fellow-citizens, sustaining the cruel jeers of the rude rabble!! The disgrace of having officiated, nearly twelve months, in the useful capacity of "bum-brusher," sinks into nothingness when compared to the circumstances which fancy has just enabled us to describe. The name of Busby—perhaps the greatest "bum-brusher," if report be true, of any age—is still feelingly mentioned with something like veneration.

I pass over many intervening circumstances in the 'Public and Private Life of Sir Richard,' that I may come to more "interesting matter."

Having from the first disdained to share "*the toils of the farm*," for which his father (who was a labourer, in the village of Whissenden, in the county of Rutland) had designed him; expressing the most perfect "dislike" for that "*profession*," as his biographer whimsically terms the farming-line; Mr. Phillips, we have partly seen, tried various experiments towards the attainment of success. Supplied, at length, with two or three letters of introduction, he finally repaired to London, the destined scene of his more prosperous operations. He had nothing to regret in quitting the country, but every thing to expect from the chances of the metropolis. He seems to have then taken "the tide which," according to Shakspeare, "leads up to fortune."

His first luck was to meet with a wife. Many men endeavour to acquire riches before they think of getting help-mates to assist in spending, and some men make money their principal concern in marrying; but Mr. Phillips in this, as in other respects, almost singularly felicitous, got his wife first, and his riches afterwards. Happy husband! happy trader!

It is not the least memorable circumstance in the life of Mr. Phillips, that he owed the *acquisition* of his *wife* to his *detestation* of *animal* food! He is not singular, however, in this species of antipathy. The late Mr. Ritson, laudably resolving, no less than Mr. Phillips, to refrain from "indulging his *barbarous carniverous inclinations*," even published a work "to *recommend* the adoption of *his plan* to all such as can *dispense with* the use of *flesh and fish*." As Mr Phillips, if we are to credit the veracity of his only biographer, "has written with infinite spirit," as well as published with infinite perseverance, he might also have recommended, from the press, his plan of abstaining from the cruel custom of eating calves after they are killed.

The "*hand*" of Mr. Phillips (again following our biographer!) was bestowed on his present helpmate "for the favour *she* had conferred upon his *palate*." Their union, Mr. Pratt assures us, and—if he does not, like too many of the poetical fraternity, succeed best in fiction—he ought to find credit, their union has produced a "Second Eden!" Let it be hoped, therefore, that no Serpent will ever succeed in contaminating the bliss of this 'Paradise Regained.'

So great has been the controversy respecting the scite of our ORIGINAL PARADISE, that I

shall, for the benefit of the learned and unlearned, in after ages, anxiously contribute to make known the exact situation of the SECOND EDEN.—This, then, says Mr. Pratt, is no other than "Sir Richard Phillips' villa at Hampstead, which is his summer residence, fitted up in the most tasteful style of simple elegance. Its situation commands one of the finest prospects in the county of Middlesex." How simple and circumstantial, how precise and picturesque is this account of our 'Second Eden!' How delightful, too! 'tis not the winter residence, but 'tis the summer residence of the progenitor of modern purity! Nor is it in London, 'tis at Hampstead; but since, for so singeth Cowper,

God made the country, and man made the town,
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
Which can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves?

Happy, however, must that nation be, which, in the midst of luxurious and degenerate days, can exhibit, within five miles of its miscreant metropolis, the region of angelic innocence and primitive felicity—a "HEAVEN ON EARTH!" So it nevertheless is. Get on the top of the Hampstead Stage, any fine morning *during the summer season*; enquire, when you reach Hampstead, for "*Sir Richard Phillips' Villa*," and, once admitted into it, if, gentle reader, thou dost not find that

"A second Eden in yon garden fair,
"Blooms like the first, ere Sin found entrance there!"

I say, if thou do'st not find this, and all that is beautiful besides, thou hast only Mr. Pratt to anathematise! Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is there, and perchance there only, that ye will find

"Every moment wing'd with *balmy bliss*,
"Sincere *the smile*, and seraph pure *the kiss*;
"Gay, *vivid*, *tender*, ever on the glow;
"Like *summer air*, yet chaste as winter snow.
"Tints of the *godhead* there illume the place;
"Each wind—a *virtue*; and each form—a *grace!*"

Alas, what are the marvellous Metamorphoses of Ovid when compared with these middlesex Metamorphoses at Hampstead! Human nature cannot sustain such contemplations. I must, however reluctantly, hurry myself from the scene of fascination! Much may we marvel how Mr. Pratt, who is constitutionally combustible, can safely venture to indulge himself in such summer scenery as he hath just been describing.

Better instructed, by actual experience, than to console himself with the persuasion, often so ridiculously and ruinously indulged by the youth of both sexes, that two persons can subsist on the means which sufficed to support one, Mr. Phillips, finding himself likely to be called upon to provide for family demands, to which his emoluments were not answerable, wisely exchanged the hosiery for the publishing business, soon after his settling in St. Paul's Church-yard, but some years antecedently to his present establishment in Bridge-street. He had formerly been Proprietor of the Leicester Herald; with which, after having suffered imprisonment for some of its political speculations, he had parted advantageously. When therefore Mr. Phillips repaired last to London, he came, I believe, stored with literary projects. He was now lucky enough to realise one of his plans, in the publication of 'The Monthly Magazine;' and, far from having any reason to regret that undertaking, it has proved to him the source both of opulence and popularity. The profits of the Monthly Magazine, of which Dr. Aikin was then Editor, are stated to have averaged, during one period, 18,000*l.* per annum! This statement does not strike me as entitled to credibility. I am assured, indeed, that this Miscellany combined the periodical exertions of Cumberland, and Belsham, and Godwin, and Holcroft, and Wolcot, and Pratt; and that Capel Lofft and Dr. Lettsom, and others, gave in their occasional contributions. I know too, what considerably conduced to its immediate success,—the indefatigability of plain *Richard Phillips*; the publicity he obtained for this infant of his ambition, the obsequiousness with which he solicited services, and the ardour with which he stimulated assistance. His prudence was no less praise-worthy than his energy. He first issued his bantling from the well-established house, and under the well-known sanction of *Mr. Joseph Johnson*, his respected neighbour; nor did he venture to empty his own shop of stockings, till he was certain of filling it with books. Of these things I am perfectly informed, and I can estimate their effect; but still, I say, I am rather incredulous as to the income affirmed to have arisen from the sale of the Monthly Magazine. It has, notwithstanding, effected wonders. Regarding it as "the source from which the wealth of the subject of our present memoir

may be said to have flowed," it has caused very serious transformations—having converted a bookseller into a Knight, changed a milliner into a Lady, and made Hampstead itself a Second Eden!!!

Sir Richard Phillips—and only as such let him be henceforth distinguished—has rendered himself personally obnoxious to various unpleasant sarcasms, by publicly protesting, in the case of Sir John Carr *versus* Hood and Sharpe, his abhorrence of anonymous critics and criticisms. He despises, it should seem, modern reviews; and he regards modern reviewers as objects of his most sovereign contempt.

"It," writes the worthy Knight, subsequently to the trial of the satirical booksellers, "it is well known *to* ["Aye, there's the rub!"] *those who have been behind the scenes* during the *getting up* of an anonimous review [Not the—*Oxford Review*; no, no!!] that *books are commonly reviewed by* [the] *authors themselves; by rival authors*, in the same branch of literature; by the *personal enemy* of an author; or, by *the most corrupt and ignorant scribblers.*" "Every man of letters," he adds, "and *every person* [Oh, these Secrets of the Trade!] *acquainted with the details of literature* [Surely, *of reviewing manufactories!*], will thank me [Well done, *honest* knight *Sheriff!*] for thus *exposing a Craft*; the practices of which are *as disgraceful* and as pernicious as those of *advertising money-lenders* [*Sir Richard*, be it presumed, has not *here* also "been *behind the scenes!*"] The craft may furiously assail me," &c. &c. See a Letter from Sir Richard Phillips to Mr. Cobbett, relative to the cause of Carr *versus* Hood; and dated from Bridge-street, Aug. 4, 1808.

Now, for my part, I am that "man of letters" who will here honestly "thank" Sir Richard Phillips "for thus exposing" the Craft of Reviews! He has *told* what he *knew* of the business; and on this subject, with becoming submission to Mr. Attorney-General, I do not suspect Sir Richard to have "slipped in his testimony."

Questions may be asked "out of court," though answers are not compellable. I should like to learn, however, *how long* Sir Richard Phillips has ceased to "read any *scurrility*;" and especially, as he averred to Mr. Attorney-General, when it is what he defines "*anonymous* scurrility?" How long, I could wish also to ascertain, has Sir Richard "paid *no respect* whatever to any work of anonymous *criticism*?" These are plain interrogatories; but to evade them, as Sir Richard is represented to have evaded them, by observing—"If I see the name of a respectable author on the title-page it becomes another thing," is to talk nonsense. When *did* he *see*, for years past, the *name* of any *author* on the *title-page* of any real *Review*, or of any real *Satire*? I recollect only three exceptions to the general custom of issuing either periodical criticisms or satires; these are the late Dr. Bissett's Historical Magazine, Mr. Aikin's Annual Review, and Mr. Flower's Political Review. Neither of these publications, however, have seriously affected the sale of modern literature. Still it was to *anonymous* criticism—to the Monthly Review, the Critical Review, the British Critic, the Antijacobin Review, the Edinburgh Review—that Sir Richard was obliged to refer, and *actually referred*, for *characters of his own books!* Well might Mr. Attorney-General ask him, over and over, if he did *not* read the Reviews? Sir Richard asserts, notwithstanding, that he did not read the Edinburgh Review, because he "thought some part of it scurrilous; nor did he read the Annual Review, because "it is a very ponderous publication." He *now* reads no criticisms.

"I," said Sir Richard, "abhor scurrility. ——— I never printed a line, *to my knowledge*, which was calculated to hurt the feelings of any person living." Enviable publisher! not one line has he printed, I suppose, not one, and he seems almost scrupulously conscientious, that

"Dying he could wish to blot!"

Now this is fulsome. Is Sir Richard Phillips so convenient of memory, as to have forgotten his rencontre the with *Bishop of Meath*; and does he recollect nothing, absolutely nothing, of the then *cancelled* pages of his '*Public Characters*?' It were much to be wished, as my Lord Ellenborough says, that "he would be guided by other discretion than his own!"

If he did not suffer *his mother* still to console herself *in* the *obscurity* of a cottage; and if, "knowing where we are but *not knowing where we may be*," his philanthropy did not admit of doubtful interpretation; if, too, *benevolence* did not often originate as much in *ostentation* as sympathy, Sir Richard's "respectful tenderness on the subject of gaols" might fully entitle him to the honour usually awarded to public philanthropy. Let his humanity, however, flow in its proper channel. Since he "derives such emolument from the credit of Authors," since, in the emphatic but not unauthorised lan-

gunge of the Attorney-General, he "EATS AND DRINKS THEIR LABOUR, lives upon it," let his *heart* be awakened to the honest 'Claims of Genius,' and his *munificence* liberally employed to alleviate the distresses of the "*man of letters.*" Memory must sometimes remind him of past transactions. Some hard bargains, in the course of commerce, he has doubtless driven; and success cannot have effaced all recollection of those, who, under his immediate inspection, have found themselves compelled to eat the bitter bread of literary dependence!

JUSTUS.

November 18, 1808.

RELIGIOUS ZEAL.

RELIGION is a subject which so intimately concerns every man's most serious and vital interests, that the variety of opinions to which it has given rise, and the variety of sects which it has originated, are little to be wondered at. The ardour of sincerity, however pernicious its tendency or ludicrous its effects, is ever ready to be applauded by many who are inclined to overlook the consequences, from their estimation of the cause. There is nothing more commonly esteemed than zeal in religion; no opinion too absurd to intimidate enthusiasm; and no zealot so extravagant as not to gain converts, conciliated merely by the very sincerity of conviction. But, from however estimable or amiable a source it may proceed, few passions have produced more mischief in society, or malevolence among its members, than mistaken zeal, particularly in religion. The very earnestness, in which it originates, is an additional incentive to its exertion; and the torrent rolls on, resistless in its progress and dreadful in its devastation:—persecution riots on its surface, intolerance hails its impetuosity; and it hurries onward, swollen with the sacrifice of innumerable victims, who, having once opposed, now add to the deformed fury of its ensanguined triumph! Do we mean, by this, to depreciate religion? GOD forbid!—I would have our Church raise her head, to that Heaven to which she would conduct us! Liberty may flourish, when licentiousness is withered; and, though we condemn the bigot who allows salvation but to one—the infidel who denies it to any—the intolerant who would raise himself upon the ruins of all—far are we from tainting the purity of that spotless Virgin, who, breathing the airs of heaven, as she goes, offers to age its crutch, to poverty its wealth, to despairing woe its dearest consolation. The worship of the pious spirit is the most grateful offering to God; a properly directed zeal, the noblest energy of man. There is, however, nothing more blasphemously horrible than the mistaken fury of superstitious fanaticism. Piously profane, uncharitably christian, it will *adore* GOD—in the *person* of man; and *defile* man—for the *glory* of GOD! It will pull down the church, to exalt religion; and debase religion, to elevate the church. This mistaken zeal made Paul a persecutor, and even the sacred Christ a sacrifice! I will not therefore rake up the ashes of religious rancour, by recounting the cruelties ecclesiastical history presents to us. I will not wound the present day, with the foul recapitulation of the past. I deprecate the heart-burning recollection of those wars and martyrdoms, crusades and persecutions, which, under the profane guidance of perverted zeal, would render religion the sanction of murder, and GOD the friend of every abomination. Let us rather lull the pains of memory, by the charm of hope. Let us fondly anticipate the happy period, when, *sect* losing its *distinction* and *bigotry* its *blindness*, the sacred dove shall gather, beneath her wing, black and white—enthusiast and infidel—when all shall see, that religion receives its deepest wounds from the foolish extravagance of its professors; and that true Christianity, piously received and sincerely practised, has happiness for its end—as GOD for its author!

HUMAN BEINGS:

SKETCHED FROM REAL LIFE, UNDER THE CHARACTERISTICS OF PRIDE.

BY THEOPHRASTUS THE YOUNGER.

PRIDE, let whatever be its shape,
Cannot the rod of Truth escape.

THERE is not a virtue or a vice—or, if you please, a quality that hath been more condemned or more praised, more detested or more cherished, more reviled or more honoured, than PRIDE. And how hath this come to pass?—Truly, unless under one denomination many qualities are signified, it would poze a philosopher to answer the question. Without pretending to philosophize, let us help the philosopher to a few subjects, which he may anatomize at his leisure, and lecture upon when he pleases.

The *pride of poverty* presents us with very few productions. Not many men in modern times are proud of being poor. The virtuoso will, therefore, know how to value the following curiosity. Egestosus hates the very name of wealth: he asserts, that no man who possesses more than what the lowest necessities of life demand, can put his hand upon his heart, and declare himself free from fraud and oppression. Every thing that increases the conveniences of existence he despises:—every thing that embellishes society he ridicules. The arts he scorns, and at science he scoffs. His wants are his boast: his misery is his pride. He acknowledges that he has desires which he cannot gratify, while he denominates the means of such gratification, debasing labour, servile obedience, deceitful cruelty and licensed plunder. He was well educated, but he has long since forgotten his acquirements: he has had friends, but he has lost them through neglect: he has had expectations (nay, in the days of his youth he has even framed hopes), but he never had exertion. In poverty and in premature old age he is haughty and vindictive: and, while he despises every thing, he is envious of every body. In extolling poverty he consoles himself for being poor, and in indulging his spleen he endeavours to blunt the edge of necessity.

Pride in poverty is a quality of somewhat different complexion; and of this *Honestus* affords us a tolerable good instance. *Honestus* is possessed of cultivated talents; he is an earnest votary of the arts, and an enthusiast in the pursuits of science. One useful science, indeed, he has thought beneath his researches, it is the knowledge of the world. Without being vain of his acquirements, or of claiming the homage due to superior abilities, he knows no difference between his situation of life and that of men who are blessed with wealth or power. His exertions have no patron, and he starves because he cannot stoop. The frequent rebuffs, that his assuming equality has received, render him resentful, haughty, and forbidding. He construes the slightest disregard into insult, and fills every public paper, to which he can obtain access, with his irritable effusions; while, at the same time, he affects to consider his literary merit as no particular distinction, and to derive his right to universal familiarity from no other title than that of being a *human being*.

The *pride of wealth* may be found in this commercial city under ten thousand forms, but in none more perfect than in my plump and hearty friend, *Frank Firkin, Esq.* This gentleman, with all the most powerful appetites of human nature, determined, at a very early period of his existence, to be rich. His desires and his hunger somewhat militated against this determination, but he soon found commodious corners in this metropolis, where he could satiate the one for sixpence and the other for a groat: and, therefore, by dint of the most strenuous application to the arts of trafficking, he is become, in spite of these two drawbacks, extremely rich. But Frank is not the man to conceal the charming hoards from the eyes of admirers: he is resolved to let all the world know, in as *economical* a method as possible, what a proud and wealthy fellow is the once poor and subservient Frank Firkin. For this purpose he has taken an economical spouse out of a neighbouring kitchen: he has covered her head with l[illegible], and her sides with silk, and has set her intoxicated mind *all agog* for splendour.

He has economically purchased a large rotten house, at no greater price than the worth of its dirt, and has economically furnished it from top to bottom with scraps of finery from every auction he could hear of. He gives dinners and balls *economically*, to those only who can be of service to his connexions; but then, these gorgeous treats are the subjects of his conversation, for months afterwards, to all whom it is not worth his while to invite to them. His present study is how he may economically set up his coach: but Mrs. Firkin has notions on the same subject, upon principles not quite so economical: and it is ten to one that, long before half of the embrio greatness with which his lady is pregnant, can be brought into existence, my good friend Frank Firkin, Esq. weary of this exhibition of his wealth, will sigh again for those humble corners, where he could satisfy his most craving desires for sixpence or a groat.

The *pride of libertinism* might furnish us with numerous illustrious examples. Let us fix our attention upon yonder nobleman, who wooes his looking-glass in vain to pronounce him handsome. "This confounded glass, *Scipion*," exclaims his lordship to his valet, "forbids me to mingle with those desiring and desirable angels this evening—give me the rouge." "De angels, mi lor, will tell de dam looking-glass dat it lie," replies the familiar and flattering valet. Without any claim to personal attractions of any sort; without any passion but vanity; without any address but that of presuming impudence, his lordship sallies forth for the conquest of the fair—*conquest* did I say?—The impotent coxcomb demands only the confirmation which yielding beauty will give to the power of his attractions: he seeks the homage only of that conquest which he cannot enjoy.—And are there women who can listen to such imbecile seduction; who, lured by no other bate than the voice of flattery, can so far flatter the vanity of a withered, sallow, and despicable intriguer, as to sacrifice the honour of a husband, the happiness of children, and the eternal peace of a virtuous mind, to such a wretch's *pride of libertinism*? Alas! there are: and the painted seducer, armed with the reputation of *unseen* and *inconceivable* attractions, enters the coteries of beauties in search of another prize.

The *pride of beauty* naturally follows that of the libertine, and is best exemplified in his victim. But many have asserted that yonder deserted mourner was never handsome; nor that, although she earnestly desired to be thought so, was she herself fully persuaded of the force of her charms, until their transcendant lustre was asserted by that experienced connoisseur in beauty, her noble seducer. The constant endearments of her husband might indeed have sufficiently assured her of their efficacy in one, and that the best, instance of their influence! But, alas! the honest man complimented her more frequently on her taste or her mental acquirements, on the elegance of her domestic establishments, and on her affection for their offspring, than on that which she was most desirous to be thought to possess; and which she sometimes doubted, and sometimes believed, endowed her person with the very fullness of perfection. The authority of his lordship on this point was indubitable; and, while it relieved her heart of a load of anxiety, it disposed her breast to every demonstration of her gratitude. This sympathy of vanity in the flattering pair speedily took the name of love: and the Court of the King's Bench has firmly established the claims of both parties to the *pride of irresistable charms*.

The *pride of talents* holds the sceptre of a wide-extended realm. Not ten thousand clauses would contain all its subjects. From the supercilious minister of state, who delivers royal rebukes to the officious rabble, down to the dust-man, who spells through the diurnal folio of news at an ale-house door, all men believe that they possess *all the talents* necessary for governing an empire. From the heavy editors of the Critical Review down—down—even so low as thieving Theodore, who puns through the pages of the Satirist, there is not a scribbler who does not believe that he possesses *all the talents* requisite for literary judicature.—These last demand no less than an essay to themselves, and therefore to them alone I shall hereafter devote a whole one.

NATIONAL VARIETIES OF THE DRAMA.

ESSAY II.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
*Intulit agresti Latio.—*HORAT. EPIST.

SIMPLICITY in its greatest degree of purity, would be the most striking characteristic of the Greek dramatic fable, were it not for the interference of the chorus. Accompanied with the gracefulness of the dance and the charms of melody, the chorus interrupted the regularity of the scene, and gave a brilliancy to the general monotonous character of the representation. It is, therefore, not surprising, that the audience could never be persuaded to resign it, or that no abridgement, or even alteration in its appearance, could ever be tolerated. Where poetical compositions are to be so framed as to adapt themselves, in public exhibitions, to the taste of the multitude, it has always been found necessary to introduce much captivating splendour, and to indulge those minds with show, which are too inattentive to think, and too insensible to feel. In a crowded theatre it will always be apparent that intellects of this description make a very considerable majority. Some scenes the poet may venture to write for the intelligent *few*; on these scenes he may build his expectations of future fame; but the dull and senseless *many* must have their share, or his composition, however classically accurate, will expire in its very birth.

As it was impossible to divest the Greek tragedy of its chorus, it became necessary to render the chorus subservient to the purposes of the fable. The best writers did more. They made it the instrument of recalling the wavering attention of the spectators to the interest of their dramatic agents, by causing it to possess and to utter those sentiments which it was their object to excite. The chorus, therefore, almost always consisted of persons favourable to the views of the principal suffering characters, whose sorrows it might commiserate, or whose fates it might lament. It became, as an excellent modern author has observed, a part of the audience, whose sensibility it might call forth, and whose passions it might direct. It thus assisted materially to draw the imagination of the spectators nearer to the supposed scene of action; it formed an intermediate link between reality and fiction. The spectators assembled together in the theatre could more easily favour the impression that they were actually present at the transactions they witnessed, since so many, not immediately connected with the business of the scene, were observed to contemplate and partially to interfere in its affairs. The *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles affords two fine instances of this participation of the chorus in the sentiments both of the agents and of the audience. The first is a song of joy, on account of the expected speedy arrival of Hercules, in unison with the transports of *Deianira*.

" O ye betrothed, fill ye your inner courts
" With shouts of gladness;—let the cry go
" forth—
" The joyous cry of the espoused go forth—
" Hymning Apollo! Him, the guardian god,
" Graceful with beamy quiver, sing aloud!
" O Pæan! O! sing Pæan to his name!
" Sing ye aloud, ye virgins! and with hymns
" Sing joyful of the partner of his birth,
" Ortygian Artemis! whose rapid darts
" Pierce the swift deer, who bears the double
" torch,
" And leads the jocund nymphs!—I'm borne
" on high—
" I can no more withstand the pipe's sweet
" sound,—
" Celestial sound, that governs all my soul!"

The second consists of expressions of deep grief on the death of *Deianira*, and on hearing of the dreadful situation of *Hercules*.

" Which of these griefs—ah! which shall I
" deplore?
" Which is most full of horror?—Can I judge,
" Wretch that I am, o'erwhelmed in both their
" fates!
" One lies before us and demands our tears;
" The other we expect:—O! 'tis the same,
" Whether we have or wait a certain woe!"

The interference of the chorus would have been perfectly natural, had it been accompanied with the dance and song. Yet were these not so much misplaced in the Grecian dramas as at first they appear to have been, since, as I have endeavoured to show in the preceding essay, they were the root from which it sprang. Hymns and other celebrations of the divinities

were its particular province; the people expected them, and the occasion of the performance, as well as the ordinances of religion, demanded them. What perhaps appears to us absurd, was there indispensable: we are not to regard the Grecian drama in the light of that extensive representation of human manners which we require in the modern tragedy, and which we particularly find in the delineations of Shakespear. The Grecian tragedy was a sacred solemnity, into which as much natural representation was inserted as it could be made to bear. As far as the exhibition of human transactions found a place in it, that exhibition was exquisitely simple and pathetic; but it must be confessed, that it consisted rather of an action related in conversation, than of an event re-acted before the spectators. The agency was too confined: too much was left to mere narrative: the subjects were generally too well known. The recitative, the masks of the actors, the modulated step, the monotonous dialogue, that sometimes, for whole scenes together, gave one verse alternately to each actor, and the immeasurable harangues so uncommon in real society, separated the whole representation so far from human life, that none of its greatest advocates can give its external form the preference to that of modern tragedy, unless they, at the same time, will condescend to extol the musical absurdities of the Italian opera, the bombast of the French tragedy, and the deformities of that late discovered monster the melo-drama. But although the outline of the Grecian tragedy is meagre, and its features distorted, yet that part which proceeded immediately from the genius of the poet is always admirable; and the more so, when we consider the numerous impediments which lay in the road to excellence. In versification of the most laboured and exquisite harmony, we meet with the loftiest dictates of wisdom, the brightest pictures of the imagination, the most animated descriptions, and the most impassioned sentiments. Nothing so sublime, nothing so severely pathetic, has been met with in any other writer, as some passages of the Greek tragedies; and we are ready to conclude, that if nature had been permitted to direct its external form, the Grecian drama would have attained the highest excellence of which that species of exhibition is capable.

It has been questioned whether that close imitation of nature, which forms the greatness of Shakespear, ought to be the object of dramatic exhibition. The French critics have endeavoured to convince the world that something beyond the appearances of actual society is necessary for public representation: characters more elevated; diction more declamatory, incidents of higher import, and manners more dignified. They forget that there is a grandeur in nature superior to all the brilliances of art; that *invention*, as applied to the powers of the human imagination, does not mean a faculty of framing new objects, but of discovering those hidden traits, those close combinations of circumstances, those powerful springs, which produce the characteristics, the incidents, the affections of humanity. Genius is that penetrative impulse which finds out (*qui invenit*) the first principles of the laws of nature in all her transactions. Genius in the dramatic poet should pierce at once into all the motives which nature has implanted, or which society has fostered, in the human heart: these it must exhibit in their consequences either direct or collateral, the resolutions and acts of each individual. To select those, which when correctly and naturally delineated, will rise of themselves into elevated incidents, possess dignity of manners and diction, and excite the greatest interest, is the province of genuine and unperverted taste. The Greek tragedians possessed both genius and taste in the highest degree: as far as they were permitted by the form of their drama, to which custom obliged them to adhere, they manifested their knowledge of the emotions of the human heart, and their power of selecting the most impressive circumstances. Shakspeare, perhaps, possesses more genius, but he exhibits less accuracy of taste. Shakspeare, under the restrictions of Æschylus, would probably not have excelled the Grecian: the barriers of time and place would have too much confined the expression of his imagination, which uttered the whole of its perceptions, and utterly disregarded selection. The faults of our British bard's productions are those of too much freedom; those of the Grecian theatre are those of severe restraint.

Before I speak of comedy, I shall examine the leading characteristics of the Roman tragedy, and compare it with that of Greece. No country seems to have abounded with dramatic authors, at so early a stage of its literature, as Italy. Every species of poetry seems there to have taken a dramatic form: the triumphal songs, exhibited so early as the time of Romulus, and the hymns of the Salian priests, under the reign of Numa, are said to have been in parts. The very ancient law of the twelve tables, mentioned by Cicero and Horace, that interdicted the injuring one another by malici-

ous verses, must have been particularly directed against the satiric dialogues, which we find to have been frequently the compositions of their tragic as well as their comic writers.

It was at the beginning of the sixth century, from the building of Rome, that the drama assumed a more regular form, and that the first written piece was composed and exhibited by Livius Andronicus. Numerous authors succeeded him, who not only wrote dramas, but also a species of dilated historical poem, which some critics have erroneously termed epic. Nævius and Ennius wrote, besides tragedies, the annals of the first Punic war, in verse. Whatever may have been the merits of these writers, or what were the reigning characteristics of their productions, cannot be determined. Except a few fragments, which are found almost solely in the more durable works of Cicero, they have entirely perished. Ennius was indeed long esteemed as the first philosophical and historical poet of Rome. Lucretius declares him to have been the author

——————— *Qui primus amœno*
Detulit ex Helicone perenni fronde coronam,
Per gentеis Italas hominem quæ clara clueret.

Who first from Helicon's delightful bowers
Received a chaplet of perennial flowers,
Which wide amid th' Italian nations throws
Its beamy lustre round the poet's brows.

But, however, these writers may have been praised, or may have merited the praise of their successors, we find no traces of the genuine character of the Roman drama in those fragments of their writings. A rude uncultivated magnanimity of expression seems to have been their highest excellence. That ferocious dignity of manners which belonged both to the Roman senator and the Roman soldier, and elevated the independant citizen above the sensibilities of the man, seems to have pervaded their earliest compositions. Even when, in the course of another century, a new source of poetical improvement was opened by their intercourse with Greece, they do not appear to have truly estimated the real beauties of the writings they began to imitate. They held the softer affections and the refinements of the passions in contempt; and of the two greatest tragic writers of the following age, Pacuvius is celebrated for his learning, and Accius for the loftiness of his diction. These, as well as Ennius, are frequently extolled by Cicero, who even prefers them sometimes to the Greek authors whom they had imitated. In quoting a passage from Pacuvius, he says, *Pacuvius hæc melius quam Sophocles*; and in another place, *Quis enim tam inimicus penè nomini Romano est, qui Enni Medeam, aut Antiopam Pacuvii spernat aut rejiciat? qui se ilsdem Euripidis fabulis delectari dicat, Latinas literas oderit?*— Yet notwithstanding these encomiums bestowed by so respectable an authority, it is not improbable that the tragedies of his favourites were little better than turgid and bombast translations of the Greek tragedies with which they had just become acquainted. This opinion seems to be supported by the character which Horace gives of them; while the manner in which Quinctilian mentions them, although it cannot be called condemnation, tends to give us a dark and unpleasing idea of those dramas which were so long the pride and admiration of Rome.

It is not in a military and conquering nation that we are to expect to find a rapid growth of the arts. Proud, superstitious, and sanguinary, such a people may soon apply their barbarous poetry to the celebration of their victories, and the worship of their divinities; but, whatever form such compositions may take, they cannot be entitled to the name of dramas. These early pieces among the Romans appear in no respect to have been the representations of human life; the fables of their heroes and divinities recited in dialogue, and intermingled with hymns, were exhibited with rude magnificence; and in inflated language inculcated the duties of war and devotion to the gods. It was in vain, as I have said before, that the subjugation of Greece offered them models of a more refined taste; they had no souls for the softer and more delicate expression of the passions, or they despised it, and placed their heroes above it.

In the Augustan age the drama did not rise with the other species of poetical composition to patronage and excellence. The cultivation of philosophy had robbed the mythology of its influence: the repetition of the same stories began to pall upon the imagination. The Medea of Ovid, and the Thyestes of Varius, stand singly in the commendations of their cotemporaries; and even from these we meet with no quotations: they are lost to posterity, without a vestige of that merit for which they were so highly extolled. All that remains to us of the efforts of the Roman muse in tragedy, is a collection of pieces under the names of the two Senecas. Of these I shall speak more explicitly in my next essay, in which I shall closely compare them with the compositions of the Greek authors on the same subjects. The Octavia, which is the only specimen of a Roman

tragedy upon a circumstance in their own history, that at the time at which it is supposed to have been written, must have been recent, deserves, on that account, more attention than has usually been bestowed upon it. The foundation of it is this—"Claudius Drusus Cæsar having put to death his wife Messalina, the mother of Britannicus and Octavia, because she had espoused C. Silius, married Agrippina, the daughter of his brother Germanicus, and the widow of Cn. Dom. Ænobarbus Nero.—Agrippina poisoned her husband Claudius and his son Britannicus, and gave Octavia in marriage to Nero, her son by her former husband. Nero, when emperor, rewarded the atrocities of which his mother had been guilty, in order to procure him the purple, with death; and soon after repudiated Octavia, that he might espouse Poppæa Sabina. On account of this divorce a commotion arose among the people, which was not repressed without much slaughter, during which the tyrant commanded Octavia to be carried in chains to the island Pandataria, and there to be put to death.

In this tragedy Seneca, the philosopher, appears among the persons of the drama, and therefore its composition must be ascribed rather to the other Seneca, who is generally stiled the tragedian, than to him. It has been highly admired in the imitation of it, which one of the principal French authors has given to the theatre of his country; and it induced our celebrated Gray to attempt, what the indolence of his nature would not permit him to complete, a correct and classical tragedy. The fragments of his undertaking, which his friend Mason has published, possess great excellence, and induce us to regret that we are still to regard the Cato of Addison, weakened as it is with an almost comic intrigue, as the only instance of a regular poetical tragedy in our language.

The Latin Octavia merits, indeed, the epithet of *languid*, which Farnaby, in ascribing it to some *unfortunate artificer*, bestows on it. The incidents are neglected for dialogue, and that dialogue is insipid and replete with sentences of common-place philosophy. Real sufferings, and such situations as might have produced true and natural pathos, are neglected for the terrors of visions, and the introduction of a spectre. It abounds in description, and leaves little room either for the display of character or for interesting occurrences. Were it to be taken as a sample of what the Roman tragedy, when unsupported by translations from the Greek, could produce, it would, indeed, afford us a very weak and mean opinion of Roman genius in the higher walks of the drama.

I shall conclude this essay with the translation of the description of the death of Agrippina, the mother of Nero. This forms the subject of one of the choral interludes in the Octavia, and though it occupies a place that might have been much better employed, it possesses considerable merit, and will afford some idea of the horrors to which the Romans delighted to attend in their dramatic exhibitions:—

"This wickedness have these our days beheld;
"Our prince upon the fearful Tuscan main
"Sent forth his mother (whom with fraud he
"seiz'd),
"In a death-destined vessel!
"At his command, the mariners, with speed
"Sail from the placid post.
"The hollow waves resound beneath their oars.
"The fatal bark is hurried towards the deep.
"Press'd by the billows, lo, the loosen'd plank
"Yields, yawning, and imbibes the rushing
"flood!
"Deep clamour mingled with loud female
"shrieks
"Is heard amid the skies.
"Pale death moves dreadful o'er the eyes of all.
"Each strives to fly destruction.
"Some to the shattered vessel's scatter'd planks,
"Naked adhere, and cleave the swelling waves.
"Some swimming seek the shore.
"Many beneath the hand of fate oppress'd,
"Sink in the deep.
"The empress rends her vesture, tears her
"hair,
"And streams her cheeks with tears.
"And when no hope of being saved remains,
"Her burning rage expiring in her grief—
"'Dost thou, O son, for my transcendant gift
"'Reward me thus? she cried.
"'O, I am worthy this destructive bark!
"'Yes—I confess me worthy of my fate—
"'I, who gave life and empire to thee—more—
"'Gave thee the name of Cæsar!—
"'Lift up thy eyes from Acheron, O spouse!
"'And glut them with my misery!
"'I—I—who caused thy death—who slew thy
"'son—
"'Am borne, unburied, as my deeds deserve,
"'Whelm'd by deep waters, to thy fearful
"'shade!'
"As she yet speaks the rolling surges smite
"Her faultering lips;—headlong beneath the
"wave
"Swift she descends—on the next billow rises—
"Impell'd by dread she struggles 'gainst her
"fate

" With eager hands—then, wearied droops and
" faints!
" At the sad sight of such a direful death,
" Despised obedience fails in every breast
" And many dare afford their anxious aid
" To their wave-driven mistress.
" Ah, what avails that they with eager voice
" Exhorted thee, outspreading thy weak arms
" Upon the billows;—that their hands sus-
" tain'd
" Thy drooping limbs?—it had been well for
" thee
" To have found refuge in the boisterous wave!
" O! doom'd to die by thy own offspring's
" sword!
" This, this posterity will scarce believe,
" Slow ever in belief!
" Impious he rages that his mother lives,
" Saved from the deep. Redoubling the dire
" crime,
" (Fierce and impatient of delay in guilt,)
" He hastens to complete his parent's fate,
" A hireling sent to perpetrate the deed
" Pierces with rapid steel the empress' breast,
" Who as she falls implores the murderer's
" hand
" To plunge the dagger thro' her womb!
" 'Here—here, she cried, "strike here, the
" 'blow of death—
" 'Here, where I gave to such a monster life!'"
" While she yet speaks, groans mingle with
" her words;—
" And thro' the wound her murmuring spirit
" flies." *T. N.*

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR THROUGH FRANCE, GERMANY, HOLLAND, SWITZERLAND AND DENMARK.

WRITTEN DURING THE YEARS 1805, 6, *AND* 7.

I WILL trouble you with another letter, dearest A—, on that part of Denmark which I have seen. My excursion was too limited, in space and time, to admit of any other but superficial observations. The arrangements I made before my departure from Kiel allowed me to devote no more than ten days to this project, which were employed in a trip to Schleswick, Flensburg, and into a very small part of Jutland, and (on my way back) to Husum, Frederickstadt and Rendsburg, where I embarked, returning, by the Holstein Canal, to Keel. This canal joins, by means of the Eyder, which falls into the German Ocean; and the latter with the Baltic. The utility of this canal is particularly felt at present, when the Elbe is blockaded. Tonningen, which, before the occupation of Hanover by the French, was a miserable dirty town, containing about eighteen hundred inhabitants, farmers and graziers for the most part, is now become the most commercial sea-port from the Tagus to Drontheim, in Norway. The revolution which this unexpected event has effected, in the manners and habits of the inhabitants, is, perhaps, the most rapid and extraordinary ever witnessed in any place or country. When the blockade began (which has lasted no more than two years) there was not a vessel of greater importance than a fishing smack, in the habit of frequenting Tonningen, except when forced by stress of weather; and the inhabitants were too addicted to sloth, to turn the small advantages, which lay within their reach, to any profitable account. There was no trade, no manufactures, and no communication with the neighbouring towns, except during the time of their annual fairs, which were chiefly frequented by the Hamburg and Lubeck butchers, as between there and Frederickstadt lies the marsh land, which supplies the markets of those two cities with their fine beef and butter, and, perhaps, superior to any on the Continent. The largest houses rented no higher than from eighty to a hundred dollars yearly: and their public amusements consisted in a ball or two yearly, at Christmas and at Easter; or in a visit of a month or six weeks, once in the course of five years, from a troop of strolling actors, who never come, except in case of want of encouragement elsewhere, and are sure of quitting them with emptier pockets than they arrived. They were, also, the most miserable and abandoned sons of Thespis, without exception, which ever fretted and strutted in any barn on the Continent.

Now remark the change, dearest A—. More than five hundred large ships lie continually in Tonningen, laden with the produce of our colonies, and the industry of our workshops.—

A degree of bustle and business is also visible, equal to that in the most frequented streets of London. Almost every house is converted into a warehouse or counting-house belonging to Hamburgh, English, and even Dutch merchants. Houses, scarcely to be got for any money, let for the enormous rent of eighteen hundred and two thousand dollars yearly. A single room, ill furnished, in a kind of hovel, is paid for at the rate of eight and ten dollars per week; and every other accommodation is proportionably dear. Unfortunately, the domestic virtues, as may be expected, have fallen in a greater proportion than their means of subsistence have increased. Instead of their dancing parties, on some great festival, they have now their daily balls, literally speaking, *daily ones*, and in *different* parts of the town. They are, besides, blessed with the pleasure of a *permanent* theatre, which supports comfortably a troop of more than thirty actors and actresses, with their families: they act on every evening, and the house is generally crowded. Though the town does not contain, even at this moment, three thousand inhabitants, there are (I have heard the circumstance asserted by many) more than five hundred prostitutes there and in the environs!—There is not a house that sells brandy and beer along the several roads, four or five miles distance, and almost every house carries on that trade, which does not contain two, three, and sometimes more, of these unfortunate women. They stream hither in caravans from Berlin, Hamburgh, &c. and celebrate their orgies, with a degree of publicity and indecency disgraceful to the police, and to the government, which tolerates so destructive an abuse.

The people of this country speak very respectfully of their crown prince, and of his chief minister and adviser, Count Bernstorff, son of the departed statesman I mentioned in my last. But how the former, or his ministry, can answer for their toleration of an abuse which has already vitiated, irremediably and fundamentally, the manners, not only of the Tonningers, but of every town and village leading from it, I find it rather difficult to say, unless they consider the very precarious and temporary advantages resulting from the present state of things, as a compensation for the loss of innocence and simplicity.

There is in the Danish administration, whatever the natives themselves, or foreign panegyrists, say *, a want of fixed and enlightened principle; otherwise their government would have adopted efficacious measures to resist a depravation, which all the riches of the Indies, and the exclusive commerce of the two hemispheres, would not compensate for. Not one in Europe has the means more at its command, and none does less to stem the alarming increase of moral corruption. What renders this indifference the more unaccountable is the private life which the crown prince himself leads. He is a very tender father, and a *faithful* and indulgent husband; his insensibility to this increasing evil does not proceed, therefore, from licentiousness or levity of moral feeling, but solely from mistaken notions of toleration and government. I thought I discovered the same erroneous tendency in several other circumstances. The great principle of the Danish state policy seems to be, to permit every thing, not in direct collision with the immediate interests of the monarch, provided it serves to make the revenue more productive. Those who are judicious enough to discover this principle are rather astonished at the number of police edicts and regulations which are weekly issued in Denmark, and which embrace almost every object of society. This anxious interference affords the most glaring contrast with the unprincipled indifference on objects of the first magnitude; and the observer is at a loss to form a judgment.

* I have frequently laughed at, and highly amused myself, with their accounts of the battle of Copenhagen, and their abuse of Nelson.

REPEAL OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Mr. Editor,

IN this age, so pregnant with reform, you will, I hope, have no objection to a new correspondent, who is solely actuated by patriotic motives, well knowing that the public good must tend to his own private benefit. Sir, I have long endeavoured to make myself conspicuous, either by *addressing* the Crown, or *redressing* the people; by which means I am now able to *dress* myself in a much prettier style than I had formerly been accustomed to; yet, as there are still many stumbling blocks in the way of genius, my present intention is to present a plan for getting rid of them. It has often been wished, that the obsolete and unobeyed statutes were expunged from the statute

book; but, Sir, there is still a greater grievance, which disfigures the walls of our churches, and which, I am told, is still in our catechism; a grievance which can serve no other purpose, than to hang over us, *in terrorem*, like the penal laws against the catholics, or, as my cousin Latitat says, to be read over when we are called up for judgment. Some of your readers, Mr. Editor, may perhaps have heard of the *Ten Commandments;* for the repeal of which, by Act of Parliament, I think I can produce at least ten good reasons, as being much in the way of that liberality of sentiment which adorns the present age. Where, I would ask, is our liberty of thought, if, when we have thought of a devilish good thing, one of these old fashioned commandments is to stare us in the face, and say, "You shan't?" It might do very well for the Jews, who were a *sinful* race; but it is really too bad for *us Christians*. Now, Sir, with respect to the first, it is totally unnecessary to restrain us to one, when any body may see that we fine gentlemen have none at all, though sometimes we talk about it as we do about our honour; or, if we have any, it is just enough *to swear by*. In the second, there is an error in the very first line, by the insertion of the word "unto;" in the original, though I do not understand Hebrew, I know it is, "Thou shalt not make thyself "the likeness of any thing in heaven or earth." Now, pray Mr. Editor, look at me, or any other fine Gentleman of the day, and then judge what necessity there is for such a commandment. As to the third, we never break it, for we never do it *in vain;* for the pretty girls all believe me when I swear I love them, and so does my tailor, when I swear I'll pay his bill next week. And, surely, a man cannot be said to swear *in vain*, if he gets any thing by it, if he can borrow a cool hundred, or settle a disputed bet, or accomplish any other interesting design he may have in hand. I have, indeed, no objection to this commandment being binding on my creditors; for since I have got into the House, they do swear a good deal, I am told, and *that* you know, Mr. Editor, is *all in vain*. With respect to the fourth, it is merely designed for the labouring poor, who are so lazy, that sometimes they will only labour three days out of the six, and spend the rest of the week in the ale-house! but where is the sense of saying "Do all thou hast to do," to people who have nothing whatever to do, or to think of, except about making their arrangements for the opera or a Sunday concert. To those who choose to work, or who are obliged to do it for six days, it may be very well to have a day of rest; but for those who do nothing on the six, what are they to do on the Sunday if they do less? They might go to church indeed, *but this would be labour*, a thing they are ordered to avoid, and I am sure there would be no amusement in it, for it is not such a pleasant thing to have one's faults told before the whole parish. It is true, indeed, men might there amuse themselves with reading the Racing Calendars or the last new novel, or study the good of the nation *out of* the Political Register; but then the parson and the charity-boys make such a confounded noise, that when I have gone by chance, I have been obliged to whisper Lady Betty as loud as if I was crying oysters, or bawling out "good news from Spain."—Yet, Sir, though we are not very attentive to this commandment ourselves, we take great care to have it obeyed by our servants, as any body may see that will go to Hyde Park of a Sunday, where we drive our coaches ourselves, to keep them from the sin of working. As to the clause appointing a holiday for the *asses*, that may do very well as a local regulation for watering-places.

As to the fifth commandment, really old people are such a bore, that it is quite a twaddle to think of it; I however am determined to do as much honour as possible to my father, *when he is dead*, by erecting a large and sumptuous monument over him, and to make it the better known among the trades-people and those queer folks, I shall let the stone-cutter wait half a dozen years for his money.

I think, Mr. Editor, I have sufficiently shewn the necessity of repealing the first five; as to the last five, we might perhaps amend them, by interpolating another negative, as two negatives, you know, make an affirmative; and then there would not be such a clamour amongst the old women, as in the time of Charles the First, when the Printer gave the proper reading, by leaving out *not* in the seventh. As for the sixth commandment, though it forbids you to kill, it says nothing about *winging* your antagonist, nor about *manslaughter*, we have, therefore, nothing, to with it; it may still, however, remain as a check upon the wise heads in Warwick-lane. The seventh is such a dashing prohibition, and the thing itself would lose so much of its zest, if it was not forbidden, that I almost inclined to let it remain. Were it taken away, indeed, where would be the *gusto* of our *Pic nic* parties, nay, *une affaire bien arrangee* would become so tiresome and insipid, that I doubt not we should

soon have husbands making love to their own wives, by way of novelty; a coachbox would lose its charms; landladies would give over peeping, and our Counsellors and Caricaturists might shake their noddles at each other, like the heads on the old sign-post. The eighth commandment can only apply to the vulgar; for we never rob our friends; we merely borrow their wives or their purses; to be sure, indeed, if we happen to touch a die with our little finger, when it tumbles out of the box, or persuade our friend's jockey at Newmarket not to ride his master's horse *too fast*, for fear of breaking his wind, some nice folks might say, it was not fair; but luck's all, you know, and as we can never have occasion to rob henroosts, such a commandment is no better than obsolete. Such a commendment might do very well among the Jews, who are so fond of robbing young heirs upon post-obits, but will never do in a Christian country. What is an *honest* man to do, who takes a low contract? how is a miller, or a monopolizer to live? or pray what kind of a figure would a brewer cut without his quassia? or a tailor without his cabbage? With respect to the ninth, I never broke it in my life, except when boasting of favours never received from a fair lady, or in giving a horse too good a character, whilst selling him to a friend; so that I hope I have kept the balance pretty even. Should this one, indeed, be allowed to remain in force, adieu to all the elegant romances at our country tea-tables, to the eloquence of our public meetings, and to that taste for embellishment and the marvellous which distinguishes our *good men* upon 'Change, as well as some other folks in their neighbourhood, who will go farther for half-a-crown, in the *turn of the market*, than a conscientious Jew, justifying bail, will for a guinea. But the tenth! good Mr. Editor, what shall we say to the tenth? If I am not to covet my *neighbour's* wife, I am sure I cannot covet *my own*; besides, it does not forbid me to take a fancy to her, particularly if the good-natured husband has no objection; and should he not exactly know what to ask for her, he may refer it to twelve good men and true, who will soon ascertain her real value, particularly if it was damaged goods. As to the other parts of this commandment, I shall never covet any other man's maid-servant, whilst I have a handsome one of my own; unless, indeed, Molly should covet me, and then, you know, how can I help it? The Ladies, indeed, are forbid to covet their neighbour's *man-servant*; that, however, does not apply to their own coachman, and therefore *de non existentibus*, &c. as the old scholiast says.

Thus have I proved to you, Mr. Editor, the propriety of repealing those commandments which seem completely forgotten, but which perhaps might come into fashion again, as an agreeable change, if it was known that they were *useless*. Your's,

Renovator.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, The Press?
— — — — — — — — —
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise!
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies!
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is—from thee.—*Cowper.*

CHRONICLE OF THE CID, RODRIGO DIAZ DE BIVAR, THE CAMPEADOR. CHRONICLE OF THE CID, FROM THE SPANISH;

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CIRCUMSTANCES continue to attach uncommon interest to almost every thing connected with Spain. The present publication, however, is likely to excite particular attention, as the history of one of the most consummate warriors of former times; whose adventures eminently exhibit the genius and character of the people to whose patriotic exertions men are now looking for the deliverance of the civilised world, from tyranny and desolation. Mr.

Southey's translation of the Chronicles of the Cid is, therefore, opportunely offered to public notice.

Three distinct works, according to Mr. Southey, are combined by him in his translation. He has, in proceeding upon this plan, sacrificed identity to copiousness; but this, to the general reader, is amply compensated for by the connectedness and interest which the whole of the narrative has thus acquired. Mr. Southey, indeed, was, in some respects, peculiarly qualified for this undertaking. He was conversant with the literature of the country whose history he has detailed; while the character of the compositions, which he selected for translation, is exactly of the nature he was calculated to display advantageously. Like the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel, so also are the Chronicles of the Cid. They are written with the most unaffected simplicity, with primitive plainness; and, in this point of view, were admirably adapted to the powers of their translator, whose style exhibits, almost uniformly, if not even ambitiously, the distinguishing characteristics of the earliest historians.

Of the Cid himself, with whose adventures and transactions Mr. S. has brought our nation fully acquainted, perhaps some short notice may be desirable. He figured, as will be supposed, in times of turbulence. Navarre, Arragon, and Castile, were, very early in the eleventh century, united under Sancho the Great, who, dying, distributed his dominions among his sons. Hence arose the usual contest for supremacy. Fernando, to whom Castile had been assigned, succeeded in repelling an unjust invasion of his territory, and, having also slain his eldest brother Garcia, eventually united, in his own person, the crowns of Castile and Leon and Navarre. Here, then, commences the distinguished career of the Cid.—"The Chronicle of the Cid," adds Mr. Southey, "is the main web of the present volume. I have omitted such parts as relate to the general history of Spain, but have no reference to Ruydiez; and I have incorporated with it whatever additional circumstances, either of fact or costume, are contained in the Chronica General or the Poema del Cid. The poem is to be considered as metrical history, not metrical romance. It was written before those fictions were invented which have been added to the history of the Cid, and which have made some authors discredit what there is not the slightest reason to doubt. I have preferred it to the Chronicles sometimes in point of fact, and always in point of costume; for as the historian of manners, this poet, [Mr. Southey, it should be remarked, has declined availing himself of the numerous Romances del Cid] whose name unfortunately has perished, is the Homer of Spain." Mr. Southey, however, has made "a few material additions," of which he assures us the sources are authentic. His account of his work is explicit, and his probity is not to be suspected. Concerning his opinions, of which he is far from being parsimonious, our readers will presently be enabled to judge for themselves. His style may also suggest to us some cursory remarks. Mr. Southey is no common writer; and, while we commend his merits, we shall therefore not conceal his defects.

We are favoured, by Mr. Southey, with an "Introduction" to the Chronicle of the Cid. It is here, indeed, that he exerts the fulness of intellect, here that he displays the best powers of his vigorous and comprehensive mind; and it is from this portion of the volume that we shall accordingly make two or three extracts, and offer our passing comments. Blended as they are, throughout his Introduction, with narration, there is some difficulty in detaching and selecting the sentiments of Mr. Southey. We shall, nevertheless, hazard the proposed experiment.

"No country," remarks Mr. S., and the remark is both solid and apposite, "was ever yet subdued by foreign enemies, unless the badness of its government, or the folly of its governors, prepared the way for them." Having described the laws of the Spanish Goths respecting Slaves, he adds—"Where such a system was established, the first invader could not but be victorious, because he found recruits in every house."

The following observation is full of importance, if only as it furnishes one unanswerable proof of the origin of our holy faith. "Those *founders* or reformers *of religion* who were *inspired*, and those who believed themselves so, have *spared neither* the *prejudices*, nor *passions*, nor *feelings*, nor *instincts*, which *opposed* them. *Mahommed*," continues our author, "attempted no such *conquest over human nature*: he *did not feel himself strong enough* to conquer."

His account of Mahommed, and the description of his system of religion, evince the hand of a master.

"The growth and decline of all Mahomeddan empires are necessarily connected with the ci-

vil and religious institutions of Islamism, and may be traced to them.

"In forming a new religion, Mahommed aimed at making its ritual less burthensome, its morality more indulgent, and its creed more rational, than those of other nations. It was not, however, enough to appeal to the reason, nor even to the passions of mankind, without, at the same time profitting by their credulity. To the Jews he announced himself as the Messiah, the conqueror in whom their prophecies centered; to the Christians, as the Paraclete who was to accomplish the yet unfulfilled system of Revelation. — — — Inspired by no fanaticism, of a meagre mind, and with morals of open and impudent profligacy, Mahommed has effected a revolution which, in its ruinous consequences, still keeps in barbarism the greatest and finest part of the old world. His were common talents, and it is *by common talents* that great *revolutions have most frequently been effected*; when the train is ready there needs no lightning to kindle it, any spark suffices. — — — The political and moral system of the impostor, if system it may be called, is such as might be expected from one who aimed only at his own aggrandisement, and had no generous views or hopes beyond it. That his language and his institutions have spread together, is not to be attributed to him: this great political advantage necessarily arises when nations are either civilised or converted by force, and it is only by force that this religion has been propagated; its missionaries have marched in armies, and its only martyrs are those who have fallen in the field of battle. Mahommed attempted nothing like a fabric of society: he took abuses as he found them. The continuance of polygamy was his great and ruinous error: where this pernicious custom is established, there will be neither connubial, nor paternal, nor brotherly affection; and hence the unnatural murders with which Asiatic history abounds. — — — Mahommed inculcated the doctrine of *fatalism*, because it is *the* most useful creed for a conqueror. The blind passiveness which it causes has completed the degradation, and for ever impeded the improvement, of all Mahommedan nations. They *will not* struggle against oppression, for the same reason that they *will not* avoid the infection of the plague."

Few men, however vitiated in other respects, are wholly indifferent to the whispers of self-remonstrance. The following is a fine exemplification of the power of conscience! "A dream," says Mr. Southey, "or the chance words of a song, or the figures of the tapestry, have terrified them (Mahommedan Sovereigns) into tears. Haroun Al Raschid opened a volume of poems, and read—'Where are the kings, and where are the rest of the world? They are gone the way which thou shalt go. O thou who choosest a perishable world and callest him happy whom it glorifies, take what the world can give thee, but death is at the end!' And at these words, he, who had murdered Yahia and the Barmecides, wept aloud."

There is something extremely valuable in the concession contained in the next short sentence. "The broken-hearted old man (Musa) retired to Mecca, seeking there for that *consolation* which, *such is* the blessed nature of *religion*, every religion, *however corrupted*, can in some degree bestow."

If the predictions of astrologers were often productive of the effects exhibited in the following passage, perhaps it might be found highly eligible to encourage, rather than, as now, to prescribe them. "The race of Abdoubrakman," says Mr. S., "should not go without their fame. An astrologer predicted to his successor, Haccham, a happy and glorious reign—but only of eight years. In the belief of this prediction, he reigned with the wholesome fear of death before his eyes; and no act of injustice, or cruelty, is of him recorded!"

Our next citation is important. It forms another powerful elucidation of the beneficial effects of Christianity on the temporal affairs of mankind, and it shews us what was really to be expected, during these eventful years, from the national character of our present patriotic allies.

"The Spaniards meantime were free; they were inferior in numbers, they were less civilised than their enemies, and their history is sullied by acts of worse barbarity; but—they were a *christian* and a *free* people. THE MORAL INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY GAVE THEM A DECIDED AND INCREASING ADVANTAGE. *Even its corruptions were in their favour.* — — — — The deliverers of Spain encouraged their followers by the coarsest frauds:—a hermit had promised them victory—or they had seen visions—or the cross, which was their banners, had appeared to them in the sky. The invention of a tutelary saint, to fight their battles, not metaphorically but in person, was a bolder and more animating fiction. Ramiro had fought a whole day long with the Moors; he kept the field at night with a broken and dispirited army, who were compelled to abide

the next morning's danger, because they were surrounded and could not fly. The king called them together; and told them that Santiage had appeared to him in a dream, and had promised to be with them in the battle, visibly and bodily, on a white steed, bearing a white banner with a red cross. The Leonese, who before this had lost all hope, began the attack, shouting 'God and Santiago!' A knight led them on, riding a white steed, and bearing a white banner with a bloody cross. They utterly defeated the Moors. A general tribute, in bread and wine, was granted to the Saint's Church for ever; and a knight's portion from the spoils of every victory which the Christians should gain."——"*Fanaticism*," afterwards subjoins Mr. Southey, "*in a few generations, becomes bigotry.* This process has been exemplified in every age, and by every sect."

It is impossible, even in these disastrous days, calmly to contemplate the conflicts between the Mahommedan Moors and the Spanish Christians. The picture drawn of these scenes by the present author we shall venture to transcribe.—

"Peace was never named, never thought of, as a thing possible; but, *because perpetual hostilities would have destroyed both* [parties] *by famine*, they made occasional truces, by common consent, to recover strength for renewing the contest: or the weaker power purchased a respite, by paying tribute, till he believed himself strong enough to revolt. These intervals were short. The SPANIARDS could never long endure to be idle; THEY HAD TO RECOVER THE COUNTRY OF THEIR FATHERS, *an honorable and a holy object:* and *war also was the business, the amusement, the passion, of the age!* It was in war that the chiefs found their sport and their spoil; that the king, at once, employed and gratified a turbulent nobility; that the people indulged their worst passions, and believed that they were, at the same time, atoning for their sins. And what a warfare!—It was to burn the standing corn, to root up the vine and the olive, to hang the heads of their enemies from the saddle-bow, and drive mothers and children before them with the lance; to massacre the men of a town in the fury of assault, to select the chiefs that they might be murdered in cold blood, to reserve the women for violation and the children for slavery: and this warfare, year after year, till they rested from mere exhaustion! The *soldiers* of Ferran Gonzales *complained* that they led a life like devils, like those in hell, who rested neither day nor night.—'Our *Lord*,' said they, 'is like *Satan*, and *we* are like *his servants*, whose whole delight is in separating soul from body!' The Spaniards, on their part, suffered retaliated cruelties, and the perpetual sense of danger. At one time Knights, Nobles, and Kings, never slept without having the war-horse, ready saddled, in the chamber."

Passed is the "Age of Chivalry," and let us hope it has for ever past away! Let its eulogists pause, before they mourn its extinguished glories. Let them be careful lest they mistake barbarism for heroism; and gratefully acknowledge the silent blessings of civilization and the mild splendour of refinement. Yes,

Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwell secure
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learned, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of social life!

COWPER.

We must defer the completion of our account of Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, but shall resume, and accomplish it next month. Our strictures shall terminate, for the present, with the following sentiment, as forcibly applying, in various ways, to existing circumstances.—"The Dominicians and Franciscans of *the present day*," says Mr. Southey, "profess *the same tenets which* their predecessors *practised* at the *massacre* and the *auto-da-fe*." We shall merely add, in corroboration of this statement, that it has been recommended to our officers and soldiers, by a respectable periodical publication, to attend, if possible, and as complimentary to our new allies, the ceremonials of the Popish religion while assisting the military operations of the Patriots!! This is in the true style of modern philanthropy.

THE WITCH OF RAVENSWORTH, A ROMANCE:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

IF to *excite surprize*, and to *awaken astonishment*, were the sole purposes of novel writing, the author of these sheets must be considered as having *laboured* successfully in his vocation; yet, as in the modern mode of *astonishing the world*, there are comparative degrees of excellence which can only be appreciated according to the effects they produce, from "Zounds, 'tis "impossible," to "La! who'd have thought "it?" we must determine the rank of this production by referring it to the latter class.

Notwithstanding the anachronisms and absurdities of *ancient romances*, there is yet much amusing information to be derived from them; for though their descriptions are ludicrously erroneous with respect to the times of which they profess to treat, yet they may be considered as minutely descriptive of the times in which they were written; the judicious, therefore, who wish to trace the manners of the *Gothic times* in Britain, will not disdain to peruse the leaves of these minor historians. For the same reason, there are *some* of our modern novels, which, if preserved in the lapse of ages, will be considered as *rare morceaux* pourtraying with extreme accuracy, the manners of the day. The sentimental trash of French novels in the middle of the last century, having completely superseded *the romance*, our novel readers were amply supplied with similar flimsy productions from the English press, until truth and nature from the pen of Richardson, in some measure stemmed the torrent of inanity and frothy *nothingness*. Yet even here *imitation* soon took the lead, and every sighing spinster, or impatient widow, after weeping through seven volumes of Clarissa, sighing through the long drawn pages of a Grandison, or with eager eyes and trembling hands turning over the dear delightful leaves for some of those luscious passages so modestly described by the virtuous Pamela, became in her turn a *letter writer*, and in a short time, there were more letters written for the press, than our modern mail-coaches could have carried in half a century! Midst all this frivolity, wit, humour, and characteristic delineation, yet met with some admirers, until a high degree of refinement, simplicity of style, and probability of adventure were presented to us by a Gunning, a Smith, and a Burney! In a field so well filled, there was little left for the genius of a Radcliffe; quitting the already beaten track, she therefore soared into the regions of *Romance*, judiciously culling the simplest flowrets from the gaudy *parterre* of its enchanted castles, until she had formed a bouquet gratifying to the senses by its fragrance, and charming the eye of taste by the elegance of its contrast. Whether gaily harnessed in the traces of rationality, or dragging in the yoke of ignorance, the human mind is impatient of restraint, no sooner, therefore, had a Radcliffe shewn the way to those castles in the air, than hey! presto! every young Miss, whose imagination was yet warm from that hot-bed of superstition and absurdity, the nursery, and whose ideas of an ancient castle, were formed from the dark passages of her father's warehouses, or the narrow alley which led to her abode in this wonder-working metropolis, drew on her seven league boots, and away she strode "o'er de- "sart plains, and rushy meers," to rake up dead mens' bones in gloomy sepulchres, or in visionary idea mounted behind "Sir Bertram" to cross the Wolds in hopes of meeting with a clay-cold hand, a wavering light, or a deep-toned bell!

In *this walk*, or rather in *this airy flight* of modern literature, we are rather surprized to meet with the judicious author of "Hours of Leisure," but we presume that it is rather in compliance with the modern taste, than from the impulse of his own judgment, that he has chosen thus to employ his *leisure hours*. If any thing can justify the writing of a *modern* romance, the mind will only assent to it, when it finds improbability of adventure heightened rather by a judicious contrast of simple facts in awful situations, than by a detail of circumstances which our reason tells us are impossible; or, when we are presented by a chain of events, which, considered singly, are but of trifling import, yet from their combination, and their *mysterious* reference to deeds of horror, stimulate our *curiosity*. The flitting light, the deserted tower, the sighing of the wind through the lofty aisles, or the moon's pale and uncertain rays glimmering through the ivied casement on the distorted figures of emblazoned tapestry, prepare the mind for the more high wrought scenes of romantic fiction; but if rawhead and bloody-bones walks in, the illusion is destroyed, and disgust usurps the place of pal-

pitating expectation. The judicious developement of circumstances apparently supernatural, is also a necessary concomitant; this has been exquisitely performed in the "Sicilian "Romance," and is here attempted by Mr. B. but it must be confessed with but indifferent success. A good moral is also an important ingredient in a work of this kind, to atone for the harm it may do to weak minds by encouraging superstitious bias; in *this*, indeed, as we shall notice in our progress, Mr. Brewer has been more happy, and he has with much discrimination chosen those periods of the work where the mind is most interested, and has judiciously made the *moral*, a part of the story, instead of leaving it for the last page, which skipping readers seldom look at, from their haste to trip to *the library* for something new. If, in the work before us, there is little novelty of incident, it must be remembered that all the ready made ghosts and devils have of late been busily employed; and as for character, we cannot expect a very accurate delineation of ancient peculiarities from a writer who shews himself so little versed in antique manners, as to commit a glaring anachronism in the third page, by supplying his witch with large quantities of snuff at the time of the second crusade, when every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that tobacco was not introduced into England from Virginia for some centuries after this period. Some of the ancient *illuminated* writers do indeed mention something of a stimulating powder which Shakespeare describes the beau in Henry the 4th, as carrying in his pouncet box; this, however, is not *snuff*; yet, after all, this anachronism is not quite so ridiculous as that of another wonder-monger, who, in the reign of the fourth Henry, sends his hero's uncle to his plantation in the West Indies, though America was not seen or thought of for a century afterwards. To detail the story is beyond our limits, though we shall slightly analyze the Dramatis Personæ; first, we have "a hag" in a cottage on a moor, whose only furniture is a table and a three legged stool, *on the latter of which* we are seriously told the witch "*used to sit!*" Most wonderful indeed!—the whole description of this ancient sage is, however, in character; but its effect is completely destroyed by the final developement, because the best described traits of her situation are totally incompatible with the necessary probability of the mysterious part of the story. We next have a lofty castle with *seven* draw-bridges, in which resides a lofty baron, "who bore his head with "a lofty superiority above the other knights "and barons of the court of Edward," and well he might indeed, for we are told in the foregoing page that "the Baron de la Braunch was re-"markable for the height of his stature, which "measured more than seven feet six inches"—well, as Serjeant Kite says, he that is born to be six feet high, is born to be a great man, and this same *lofty* Baron was certainly a greater man than even O'Brian the Irish giant!—All modern romances must have a monk, oh, yes, let us have a monk by all means, an Italian monk; and in walks of "Velaschi," who was of that mysterious nature that nobody could understand his actions;—now from the circumstantial exactness in other parts of the work, in which Mr. B., with all the accuracy of the rubric, gives us the Catholic ritual at a christening, and even at confession from the "Ore-"mus," to the "Lucies Creator optime,", we might expect more accurate knowledge of *the seclusions* of monkish life. Next we have a *great* lady, the Lady Bertha, with her orphan child, who wants a protector: here Mr. B. might have recollected, that in those times the king always gave the marriage of widows, and the guardianship of orphans, as good snug things, to some of his favourites, without putting the disconsolate dame to the trouble of looking for a protection. Good old times indeed! exclaims some buxom widow, when the crown took such good care of us, instead of sending *all the fellows* to Portugal and Sicily, so that now we have not even an opportunity of choosing for ourselves. If the Lady Bertha was a *great* lady, there yet appears a *greater*, though she is *literally longer* in making her appearance; for the Lady Alwena is "six feet "four inches in height," and who, if otherwise in proportion, must have had a *large portion* of beauty, for "her whole form was luxuri-"ant, and teemed with the full ripeness of "womanhood." Luscious dog! thus to make our mouths water!!! and tantalize even the chaste ideas of a sage reviewer. If we have thus dilated on some of the errors, it is because we are convinced from this hasty sketch of the marvellous, that Mr. Brewer, if the public must have ghosts, is well qualified to raise them, if he will only pay a little more attention to the manners of distant ages, and not raise Italian palaces in England, with mosaic floors, and marble balconies, at a time that the habitations of our ancestors were either the hovels of penury, or the gloomy towers of feudality. We would also recommend to Mr. B. to avoid some of his highest flights of hyper-

bole, for when we are informed that the Baron spoke "in a stern voice, that made tremble the "foundation of the castle," we are tempted to imagine that if the *Hope* or the *Hand-in-hand* had existed in his time, the houses where he visited must have been at least *doubly hazardous*. The more pleasiug part of our task remains, to mention some of the beauties which this little work certainly possesses;—the appointment made by the witch with La Braunch is well wrought up——

"Well then, visit me," replied the hag, "when the moon shall have made her conjunc- "tion with the planet Saturn. It is but a few "days to wait—Come to me when the high "tide of mischief is up—when the fiery vapours "dance along the ground at midnight—when "the envenomed toad is lighted by the glow- "worm to its damp chamber beneath the leaves "of the purple violet—then the time will be "near, the spectres will abound upon the "earth, the demons and fiends will be active, "strong, and numerous and alert in mischief; "then mayest thou hope for the accomplish- "ment of the wishes of thy heart!"

With the author's taste, for the simplicity of the muses, the public is already acquainted; we cannot, however, resist inserting the following little ballad:—

"The wind blew high, the night was dark,
"As yet appeared no chearing ray,
"The seamen of the shipwrecked bark,
"Despairing wait th' approach of day.

"Poor Mary views with frantic eye,
"While the black clouds the sky deform,
"Rent sails and tackling, drifting nigh,
"The horrid trophies af the storm.

"And now with cruel doubts opprest,
"She sees one brave the billows roar;
"She runs—she clasps him to her breast,
"It is her Edward reached the shore!"

As Mr. Brewer, in this medley of enchantment, seems anxiously to have exerted himself to impress a moral on the minds of his readers, we should do him injustice, therefore, should we withhold one passage where the Baron upbraids the hag with his happiness being incomplete, notwithstanding his having obeyed her directions—She replies—"Ungrateful man, "but tis ever so. Canst thou not to thy pa- "lace? hast thou not seats of velvet, and of "down, rich repasts, exquisite wines, music, "minstrels, the possession of beauty, and the "full power of gratifying all thy lusts? away, "and be satisfied! I am thy servant still: but "do not ask me for the rewards of virtue, they "are not within my reach. Fie, fie! thou "hast chosen to trample down the innocent; to "disfigure the face of nature; to strike at vir- "tue; thou hast succeeded wonderfully; and "now would'st thou whimper like a child, be- "cause thou art become fretful and tired of "thy sport!"

Upon the whole, notwithstanding the improbability of the story, it is still sufficiently interesting to keep the attention awake; the *denouement*, however, is not satisfactory, the reasons for the extraordinary imposture will not bear the test even of *ghostly* criticism, and the motives for the extraordinary machinery lose their influence, when we recollect that the apparent crimes might have been prevented by a simpler process—in fact, there is an unnecessary overplus, like the madness of the mechanist who built a windmill to grind his coffee!!!

CRITICAL OPINIONS.

Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms!
He views it with complacency supreme,
Solicits kind attention to his dream;
And, daily more enamour'd of the cheat,
Asks but of heaven to bless the dear deceit.—*Cowper.*

Contemplation, a Poem; with Tales, and other poetical Compositions. By John Penwarne.

Those who are fond of contemplation, especially when it is of the species called miserable, may derive abundance of this uncomfortable amusement from Mr. Penwarne's leading Poem. Neither in his Tales, nor in his other poetical Compositions, is he by any means happy; but his Contemplation is, beyond all comparison, the most lamentable of his various effusions. What can we say? While authors call for our indulgence, our readers equally demand conside-

ration. We therefore cannot consent, especially during the dullest months in the year, to recommend dull poems to general perusal.—Though we have endured this mental purgatory, yet charity forbids us to become the cause of inflicting it upon others.

Fowling; a Poem, in Five Books; descriptive of Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Woodcock, Duck, and Snipe Shooting.

This poem is truly tantalizing. Its worst effect is that of teasing us with verse which it is impossible to read with any degree of patience; and its best quality consists in reminding us of dainties which, however palatable, are not always within our reach!!

Had the present production possessed the advantages of rhyme, perhaps it might been more palatable to our taste; and the author might with propriety have dedicated it to Sheridan the Younger, of Grouse-Shooting celebrity!

The Exodiad, a Poem; by the Authors of 'Calvary' and 'Richard the First.'

Poetical partnerships are seldom beneficial speculations; and the present, "singular coalition," though the parties declare they have "proceeded in the same spirit through every period of their labours," offers no exception to the fate of equally promising, and nearly similar, undertakings. Ours have been coalescing times. We seem, indeed, to have had enough of poetical coalitions; but we continue to witness poetical coalitions, dramatic coalitions, prologue and epilogue coalitions, and and we are not without some recent instance of biographic coalition.

Partnership, however, is not the only objection which presents itself in the execution of the 'Exodiad.' Scripture subjects are rarely susceptible of the embellishments of poetry; a difficulty perceptible even in the 'Paradise Lost,' and of which the Authors of 'Calvary' and 'Richard the First' have now exhibited many disadvantageous instances. We are grown, it must be confessed, too prolific in the generation of epic poets, and, as naturally consequent, of epics themselves; and, whether this ought to be imputed to the fertility or presumption of modern genius, it is an evil that demands to be seriously checked!

Certainly *The Exodiad* is not the most defective of the epic poems of the present age; but its Authors, it may be safely predicted, will acquire no additional poetical consideration from its appearance. Let them safely repose on the laurels they formerly acquired.

Home, a Poem.

This delectable description of Home appears as the rapturous effusion of some newly-elected Benedict, or, what is more probable, of some gay swain who has *fancied* himself newly married. Eden, it seems, is absolutely restored to the sorrowing soul of mortal man; and—for even now there is no Eden without its Eve—at an "Emma's glance," as erst at the glance of our first mother, "the fiends of care depart." This, however, is not enough. While the poet congratulates himself on possessing "the treasures of Love and Independance," on having acquired "rest and competence," blessings which he pronounces to be "dearer from the sense of evils past," yet, truly lover-like still, he fondly rants of "Emma" as

"One, whose *faith alone*
"Would charm, were *competence* and rest un-
"*known!*"

Let us charitably hope, spite of all this parade of affection, that, if the Author really enjoys the "radiance" of "Emma's glance," he will never be compelled to try, when "fortune's gifts depart," whether love itself "suffices to a faithful heart!"

There are, however, many exquisite passages in the poem of "*Home*," and which entitle it, even as a whole, to commendation. It would have been as well if the poet had discarded party-squabbles from his fire-side!

The Trial, at large, of an Action brought by Sir John Carr against Hood and Sharpe, for, &c. &c. Before Lord Ellenborough, and a Special Jury, &c.

Considered with reference to the Interests of Literature, this is a Report of one of the most important trials on the records of modern times. It happens, however, to be not so much the trial of Messrs. Hood and Sharpe as of Sir Richard Phillips; who, if he did not here "slip in his testimony," certainly failed in discretion, which, says Lord Verulam, constitutes, on all occasions, the better part of eloquence! This trial is full of pleasant puzzling, as well as of inquisitorial instruction. Let it be read, and even studied, by all who feel solicitous for the preservation of our social system.

A Picture of Valencia, &c. &c. (from the German of Christian Augustus Fischer) *by Frederic Shoberl.*

Spanish is now the order of the day. Far from being an unamusing publication, though particularly calculated to suit the taste of the

passing hour, this 'Picture of Valencia' may, however, be contemplated with sufficient interest. The following passage is unique.—"Midnight arrives," the writer is describing a Valencian wedding, "and the bridegroom, assisted by his comrades, is obliged to carry off his bride by force, from the midst of her companions, by whom she is guarded. He bears her in triumph to the terrace of the house, where the nuptial couch is prepared beneath an arbour [Weddings are commonly solemnized here in the months of May and June] of flowers. *Here, in the bosom of silent nature, fanned by soft zephyrs, that waft around the fragrant perfume of a thousand roses*—what a moment for joy—*what a moment for the most perfect organization of the fortunate being which then receives existence!*"

Stay, enraptured reader! and treasure up both causes and effects. Having *thus conceived* "amidst rapture inexpressible, *the young wife, easy and chearful, awaits the termination of pregnancy;*" and, lo! "*without pain* and without danger *the fruit of her love comes into the world.*"—Since they manage these matters so well in the *south*, it is evidently unnecessary to ask, as this *Valencian Picturist* profoundly observes, "why *Genius* is so rare in the regions of the *north?*"

The Siege of Copenhagen, a Poem, with Notes. By James Grahame.

Mr. Grahame's poetry is infinitely preferable to his politics.

A System of Practical Arithmetic, &c. &c. By the Rev. R. Joyce, &c.

One of the very few meritorious publications which have issued from the Book-Manufactory in Bridge-street. It is not a novel *compilation*, but an original *composition*; and, as such, deserves the success which it seems already to have obtained.

An Heroic Epistle to Mr. Winsor, &c. &c.

Alas, for the "Hydro-carbonic gas lights:" and also for Mr. Winsor, the projector of our to-be "National Light and Heat Company!!" The lights are extinguished, and the lamplighter (*Pardonnez nous, Monsieur!*) seems likewise to have disappeared! The present 'Heroic Epistle,' therefore, though not ill-written, is ill-timed.—"It comes a day after the fair."

A Letter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales: with a Sketch of the Prospect before him, &c. &c. By W. A Miles.

If the importance of any individual is to be estimated by the number of his public correspondents, few persons possess such claims to pre-eminence as his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It is not probable, however, that he often reads the productions which are so addressed to him.

Mr. Miles is one of the most indefatigable of those who have assumed the dignity of epistolary counsellors to their Prince. He formerly reproved the Prince, but he now eulogises him. The "prospect before" the heir-apparent of this realm, as far as relates to our political letter-writer, has, therefore, considerably improved.

There are some facts in this 'Letter,' and, perchance, some fallacies. What does Mr Miles purpose, when, by pretty obvious insinuation, he counsels the Prince of Wales, "on his accession to the crown," to "*resign*" the "invidious prerogative" of "*making war?*" Is he really ignorant, this mentor of royalty, that, "Ordinatio belli et pacis est absoluti imperii; and (as Lord Verulam finely expands the doctrine) is one of the principal *flowers of the crown*, which flowers ought to be so dear to us, as we ought, if need were, to *water them with our blood:* for *if these flowers* should by *neglect*, or upon *facility*, or good affection, *wither and fade, the garland would not be worth the wearing!*" Let Mr. Miles, then, reconsider his friendly advice. Easily may the Prince of Wales defend himself from "the assaults of his enemies;" but—Heaven preserve him from such friends as this most sagacious pamphleteer!

So much for the rush-light illumination of paper politics.

The Fisher-Boy, a Poem; comprising his several Avocations during the four Seasons of the Year. By H. C. Esq.

Who is H. C. Esq.?—He has never acted, one may presume, in the capacity of 'Fisher-Boy;' but he describes from observation, if not from participation, and his poetry is not undeserving of success. The Fisher-boy, however, too directly excites some recollections of The Farmer's Boy,

Rossi's Facsm. Mitan. Sc.

Erected by Parliament to the memory of Capt. Faulkner, who fell on board the Blanch Frigate, Jan. 4. 1795.

London, Published by & for Bell & Dr Camp, 11, Catherine Street, Strand, Dec 1 1808.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH REMAINS.

While o'er yon sea-beat cliff Britannia stands,
And weeps to waves, her naval arm commands—
And oft returning to the tempest's roar,
Claims many a valiant son—alas! no more!
Hark! whilst the lovely mourner stoops to wail,
How echoing shores prolong the piteous tale;
And still as soft remembrance sobs and bleeds,
And points, in mute despair, to FAULKNOR's deeds,
Triumphant shouts of more than mortal fame,
Record each act, and hail the hero's name.

Trotter's Elegy on the Death of Capt. Faulknor.

IF the elegancies of sculpture are to be considered as having a reference beyond the mere gratification of the eye in the observer, or the developement of classic taste in the artist; if they are also to be considered as rewards for distinguished services, as powerful incentives to future excellence, and as appropriate memorials of public gratitude, we must with candour acknowledge, that among the numerous efforts of the chissel of the present day, there is no one which more fully answers these various claims than the subject of our present essay, *the monument erected by the nation in St. Paul's cathedral, to the memory of Captain Robert Faulknor of the Royal Navy:* and in selecting *this subject*, the conductors of *Le Beau Monde* have been as much prompted by the elegance of its execution, as by the superior merit of the hero whose fall is here recorded. To give unlimited praise to ancient artists, for the purpose of detracting from modern merit, is facile in its execution, and may satisfy the *fastidious censor*, who possesses neither taste to appreciate, nor patriotism to admire, the progress of his fellow-citizens in the nurture of native genius, and the cultivation of the arts; but in this department of the Magazine, it is intended that liberal criticism shall be directed rather to develope beauties, than to seek out errors, though even here, when justice and propriety call for animadversion, it will not be withheld, but offered with unaffected candour. The artist, Mr. Rossi, though of foreign extraction, is yet sufficiently English for us to rank this specimen of his art among the beauties of the British School; and we have no scruple in saying that to those whose taste is formed on the *chef d'œuvres* of ancient Roman excellence, this monument of Captain Faulknor will afford a high gratification. The artist has had the advantage of closely studying those exquisite specimens, which, till the irruption of the modern Goths, adorned the Capital of Italy; we know that he possesses sufficient warmth of admiration, and brilliancy of genius, to discriminate their several excellencies; and from a general view alone of this specimen of his *scavoir faire*, we may estimate how well formed is that taste on which he grounds his reputation. From the stiffness of our modern costume, the best artists are obliged, or think themselves obliged, to seek for elegance in the easy flowing robes of antient heroes and philosophers; how far this is absolutely necessary, may admit of a question? therefore, without extraneously disputing whether the figure of the hero (whose fall this work is designed to commemorate) should not have been central, or canvassing the propriety of bestowing a Roman dress on a British Officer; two points which, we imagine, must still remain undecided, we still feel ourselves justified in expressing a regret that he should have been accoutred as a gladiator. The action of the figure, which appears at the instantaneous crisis of dropping from a state of vigorous exertion into a death-like repose, is indeed elegant, and would be highly appropriate, if introduced to illustrate the Naumachia, or would even have graced the Hippodrome; but more elevation of sentiment was required, to express him who fell almost in the moment of victory, and whilst encou-

raging his men to the last effort necessary to establish the glory of the British arms. Neptune seems to lament the loss of his favourite son, and receives him with outstretched arms; but we must repine at the loss of majesty in this figure: it is indeed the Tiber of Italy, but not the monarch of the foaming ocean—not the power that stirs the "vasty deep," that controls the raging waves by his outstretched hand, or stills the tempest by his nod. The trident and dolphin, indeed, indicate a marine deity, but these attributes are not sufficient to stamp, in characters not to be misunderstood, the Sovereign of the Seas; more indication of mind, more grandeur of line, is wanting, to mark the boisterous tyrant of the deep.

The figure of Victory, crowning the expiring Hero, is sweetly graceful, but here at least we recognize the Victory of *Smirke*, of which the sculptor has been proud to avail himself—it creates a very prominent interest in the composition, and gives a sympathy to the whole highly pleasing. The disposition of the groupe, though excellent, is certainly not sufficiently monumental—more dignity is requisite in efforts of this cast, to give pathos, awe, and sombre gloom, so necessary to touch the soft recesses of the heart, and to intimate at one glance, to ages yet unborn, the object which a grateful nation had in view, whilst raising this monument to individual worth.

Of the subject which this monument commemorates, much remains to be said, and much beyond our limits; for though the Hero fell in early life, he had yet lived to *a good old age* in deeds of daring and of high renown. We may almost say, that Capt. Robert Faulknor was born a sailor and a hero; for the services of his family to their country, on Britannia's peculiar element, have been well known, and gratefully acknowledged, for several generations. His grandfather, Capt. Samuel Faulknor, was lost to his country on board the Victory, in the year 1744; and his father, Capt. Robert Faulknor, will never be forgotten in the annals of the Navy, for his gallant conduct in that action when the Bellona captured the Courageux, in the war of 1755, an action which has never been exceeded for coolness, perseverance, and characteristic ardour. Our gallant countryman, whose fall we have now to record, was born about the year 1762; and by the patronage of the late Earl of Sandwich, then at the head of the Admiralty, was introduced at the Royal Academy in Portsmouth Dock-yard, where he went honourably through the routine of the first elements of naval education. His course of studies being finished, he commenced his career of naval glory under the *favouring* and *favourable* auspices of the gallant Admiral Cornwallis, then Captain of the Isis: with this Commander he afterwards removed into the Lion, from which ship he was appointed to a Lieutenancy in 1780; in which rank he served for some time with that much esteemed Officer, Admiral Barrington, with credit to himself, and to his own great improvement in his profession. During this period, we know, from incontestible sources, that his conduct, whilst a subordinate Officer, was markedby a strict adherence to honour and virtue, by a becoming obedience to the orders of his superiors, and by a display of a firm mind, and courage the most undaunted, on every occasion which offered for its exercise during the progress of the American war. In the early part of the revolutionary contest, his services pointed him out for promotion, and he received the command of the Zebra sloop of war, in which ship he joined the squadron under Earl St. Vincent, then Sir John Jervis, in the expedition against Martinique, and the other French West India islands, in the year 1794. To a young man anxious to distinguish himself, and looking to promotion, no situation could be more favourable; for the Admiral, who was an accurate judge of professional merit, had been the intimate friend of his father, and was well acquainted with his own excellent character in the service. On the landing of the troops in Martinique, as it appeared that Rochambeau was determined to stand a siege in Fort Royal, and in the almost impregnable fortress of Fort Bourbon, which commanded the town and other fortifications, it was found necessary to land a large detachment of seamen from the different ships, in order to erect the batteries, to work the battering guns, and perform many other services for which seamen are so peculiarly fitted. These men were as usual formed into a marine brigade, under the command of naval Officers, who, *pro tempore*, not only performed the duty, but also were styled by that *military* rank which corresponded with their own; of this corps, the estimable Capt. Rogers, of the Quebec, was Colonel, and Capt. Faulknor, being only Master and Commander, held Field Officer's rank as Major. In this situation, during a long and arduous siege, he conducted himself with great credit; but a circumstance unfortunately happened, which marked the remainder of his life with all the bitterness of regret, and which, by a pious fraud, we should have been happy to have

passed over, were it not that it serves essentially to illustrate an interesting anecdote at the close of this essay. The besiegers works had now advanced close to those of the enemy, and of course the strictest obedience to martial law was absolutely necessary for the preservation of ordes and regularity, and in fact for the safety of the expedition, as the enemy were nearly as numerous as the besiegers, whose force was besides scattered over the island; a situation which gave to the French peculiar advantages, when added to the strength of their own works. A flagrant instance of insubordination called for prompt notice, and Captain F. was obliged to draw his sword—an unfortunate man, a quarter-master of the line of battle ships fell—a court martial was instantly held, which not only justified, but honourably acquitted him; yet such was his innate goodness of heart, such his humane regret at having done, whilst under the influence of passion, what might yet be fully warranted by the circumstances of the case, that he *never acquitted himself.* Notwithstanding his own self-condemnation, yet his fellow seamen and soldiers were perfectly satisfied, and it afforded to them as well as to himself, a subject of much gratulation, when an opportunity immediately afterwards offered of proving his worth in the eyes of the army and of the whole squadron. On the 17th of March the battery called after the Saint of that day, opened a most tremendous fire from Point Carriere, across the Carenage; this was supported by the gun-boats with much effect, and under Lieut. Bowen, with the boats of the squadron, pushed boldly in, boarded and carried a store-ship Le Bien Venu then laying close to the walls of Fort Royal, and brought off the captain, officers, and twenty men. The success of this gallant attempt, tempted the Commanders in Chief to carry the place by escalade, accordingly scaling ladders of Bamboo were provided for the boats, under the command of Commodore Thomson, to be covered by the Asia of 64, and the Zebra; ten o'clock the next day was the hour appointed, at which time the grenadier brigade and the light infantry, were to co-operate by marching from the camp at Soururie towards the bridge, over the canal which separated the town from the main.

On this latter service, his Royal Highness Prince Edward, then with the army, was engaged, and the whole plan was put in execution, with the exception of the Asia, who having missed stays twice, and her pilot, Monsieur de Tourelles, Lieutenant of the port, being killed, Captain F. observed her baffled in her attempts; and the Zebra having been under a shower of grape and musquetry for a great length of time, which he, his officers, and ship's company, stood with a firmness not to be described, he determined to undertake the service alone, and this he executed with a matchless intrepidity and conduct, running the Zebra close to the wall of the fort, and leaping overboard at the head of his people, by which means he assailed and took this important post before the boats could reach the shore, although (as the dispatch says) they rowed, with all the force and animation of English seamen, in the face of an enemy. As a tribute to his superior merit, the admiral observes, "No language of "mine can express the merit of Capt. Faulk-"nor upon this occasion; but as every officer "and man in the army and squadron bears tes-"timony to it, this incomparable action can-"not fail of being recorded in history;" and indeed the admiration throughout the army and squadron was as warm as it was unequalled.—To prove the high order and discipline of the Zebra, it is only necessary to mention, that whilst laying too, within the range of musquetry, waiting for the Asia, her main-top-sail tye was twice shot away, but secured, and the yard sent again to the mast-head with as much coolness and precision as if working up from St. Helens to Spithead; and it is not less worthy of remark on this memorable day, that although there were many wounded, yet the only two who were killed were the pilots of the Asia and Zebra, both of whom were French loyalists. On the reduction of Martinique, in consequence of this gallant exploit, Capt. F. was appointed post in the Blanche frigate, where, however, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself until the latter end of 1794, when, by his activity, he cleared Guadaloupe and the neighbouring islands of their swarm of privateers, running some of them on shore, and burning them under the batteries.—We come now to that melancholy day which deprived his country of his services, when his ship, though only a thirty-two, took La Pique of thirty-eight guns and three hundred and sixty men, "after an action of five hours, as brilliant "and decided as ever happened," the enemy having seventy-six killed and a hundred and ten wounded. At four, p. m. of Monday, the 4th of January, 1795, the Blanche, then cruizing off Mariegalante, saw a large ship under Guadaloupe, which she enticed off the land, and at half an hour past midnight brought to action. Between two and three, the enemy dropt

astern, after the Blanche had lost her main and mizen masts; and the Pique's bowsprit having dropt athwart the Blanche's starboard quarter, it was lashed to the capstan to secure her in that advantageous position, but it being necessary to run out a couple of guns abaft, it was found that an additional transom, which had been fitted during her last repair, prevented the guns from being sufficiently depressed. The carpenters were instantly set to, to cut away in the wake of the sternports, which the French observing, kept up an incessant fire of musquetry: on this, Captain F. left the quarter-deck to encourage the people at this service, and here he received in his breast the fatal ball which put a period to his honourable career!! He was interred in the burial-ground at the Saints, where his brother officers have since erected a frail memorial to his professional worth.

No sooner was his death known in England than a subscription was entered into, to erect a monument to his memory, which soon amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds. This sum was placed in the hands of trustees, the late Lord Hugh Seymour and another brother officer; but when Government had determined to erect a national remembrance to this gallant son of Neptune, Lord Hugh took an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to an officer who had actually commanded the party on shore, to which the unfortunate man belonged who had lost his life, and who had been the most intimate friend of our gallant hero; "My Lord," replied the generous-minded tar, "you "may now erect a monument to Faulknor's "memory more lasting than marble or brass; "the widow of the unfortunate Downie is now "pining in misery at Newcastle, with her five "orphans; to them give the money, my Lord, "and in their bosoms let us consecrate the "memory of our poor Faulknor!!!" It is "unnecessary to add that the generous hint was complied with.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

ELLINOR'S ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

FROM A CANTATA ENTITLED THE HARP OF ELLINOR;

By Thos. Noble, Author of the Poem of Blackheath.—The subject taken from the Ellinor of Mrs. Hanway.

Come, gentle spirit of repose,
And soothe a throbbing breast!
Come, thou soft calm of human woes,
With balmy touch these eyelids close,
And hush this pulse to rest!

It throbs—it burns—come halcyon power!
Sleep! whither dost thou flee?
Lo! steeped in dew, yon closing flower,
Bends to the evening's tranquil hour,
So let me bend to thee!

Not night, when solemn darkness spreads
His sacred silence round;
Not morn, when silvery twilight treads
Yon fragrant hills, and music sheds
Its lightest lull of sound,

Can win thee, Sleep, to soothe my soul!
Let evening's shades prevail;—
Her humid shades comingling roll—
Deep sounds, like sighs, with me condole,
And swell each dying gale.

Cease, my fond harp, thy notes of love!—
Faint pants the breeze, and deep:
Its hollow sobbing fall improve—
Slow—slow—till not a chord may move,
Low murmuring into sleep.

TO ERATO.

FROM THE SAME.

BREATHE, O thou muse of love! Erato! breathe
Thy vocal spirit through yon maid's repose!
So shall the soft desires for thee enwreathe
The blossom'd myrtle with the glowing rose!

Swift as the light when morn's ethereal beam
Darts, full of life, along the kindling skies,
Thy breathing numbers pierce the vacant dream,
Till wanton hopes in mingling choirs arise.

Yon maiden loves!—conflicting passions rend
Th' illumined morning of her peaceful mind,
Like deep'ning clouds that o'er the heaven distend,
And float tumultuous on the murmuring wind.

THE ADULTERESS.

LOST to herself, without a pitying friend,
In peril's hour, to solace or defend;

Bankrupt in health, in fortune, and in fame;
By mis'ry haunted, and oppress'd by shame,
See! stretch'd forlorn, a hapless mourner lies,
The earth her bed, her canopy the skies!
Fix'd her dark eye, dishevell'd is her hair;
And wild her look, the image of despair.
And yet this shatter'd frame, this haggard form,
Now doom'd to "bide the pelting of the storm,"
Was once by fond parental arms caress'd,
Once in a husband's lov'd affections bless'd,
Was once—hear this, ye giddy and ye gay!—
Like you, the worshipp'd idol of the day:
Now, sad reverse! the lost Maria see,
The dire extreme of human misery!
The proud despise her, and the virtuous fly,
By all deserted, left alone—to die.
To die—but, oh! no comforter is near
To point her hopes, her dying hours to cheer!
To die—alas! and find an early grave,
No eye to pity, and no hand to save;
O'er her pale corse no relative shall bend;
Her fate untimely meets no sorrowing friend.
She once deserted all she held most dear
For one—but he—not even he, is here!
Yet ere extinct the spark of vital fire,
Ere yet the quivering flame shall quite expire,
Whilst the last accents tremble on her tongue,
Draw near, ye gay, attend ye giddy young!—
Hear the sad truth the mourner shall relate,
And draw reflection from Maria's fate.
Read in that face what words could ill supply;
View that shrunk form, pale cheek, and hollow eye;
Look on that wreck of ruin'd hopes—and know,
That loss of virtue leads to endless woe:
That honour, wounded, can exist no more;
Not prayers can heal, nor penitence restore.

J. S.

STANZAS.

Bereft of society's charms
'Tis in vain that my lot I deplore;
While my heart whispers nought but alarms,
Lest I see my Eliza no more.

Eliza! what raptures unknown
Pervade my fond heart at the name!
O! would I could call her my own!
Or inspire but a mutual flame!

Ah! cease the too flattering strain,
Illusions of fancy depart!
Can fancy or lessen the pain,
Or soften the wound in my heart?

Ah no—it but teaches despair,
And banishes hope from my breast;
Such agonies how can I bear,
How lull my affection to rest!

Florio.

SELECTIONS.

EPIGRAM,

TO AN UNEMPLOYED BARRISTER.

If, to reward them for their various evil,
All lawyers go hereafter to the Devil,
So little mischief dost thou *from the laws*,
Thou'lt surely go below *without a cause!*

Quintin Frost.

LOVE'S DISTRUST.

Forgive me, if I do not trust
Those eyes of tender blue;
For she was to my hopes unjust,
Who look'd as sweetly true!

Forgive, if caution now denies
The heart's responsive swell;
For hollow were her deepest sighs,
Whom I believ'd so well!

Lyre of Love,

THE KISS.

The greatest bliss
Is in a kiss—
A kiss of love refin'd;
When springs the soul,
Without controul,
And blends the *bliss* with *mind!*

For if desire
Alone inspire,
The kiss not me, can charm;
The eye must beam
With chasten'd gleam
That would my *soul* disarm.

What fond delight
Does *love* excite,
When *sentiment* takes part!
The flattering sigh,
Voluptuous eye,
And palpitating heart!

Ye fleet too fast,
Sweet moments! last,
A little longer mine!
Like heaven's bow,
Ye fade—ye go;
Too tremulously fine!

Charlotte Dacre.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE IN THE EXPOSITION OF THE STATE OF FRANCE:

"What a presage does the heroic Army of Portugal offer to us, which struggling against double its force, has been able to raise trophies of victory on the very land where it fought to such disadvantage, and *to dictate the conditions of a glorious retreat.*

Who now, forgetful of his country's fame,
Gives cause of triumph to her vanquish'd foe?
Who blasts his country's laurell'd wreaths with shame?
Who rends her bosom with indignant woe?

Some hireling dastard—scandal of her arms—
Some purchas'd wretch who *traffics* with her cause—
Whom plund'ring Avarice, not whom glory charms,
Vain of vile wealth, not proud of high applause!

Doth Britain's throne sell rank for sordid gold,
Nor doth the bought command the sword degrade?
Honour that's purchas'd will again be sold—
And Infamy's the gain *when princes trade!*
Worse than if poison stain'd yon lucid stream,
Worse than if air were fill'd with vapoury death—
Worse than if plagues should cloud the noonday beam,
Is glory venom'd with foul lucre's breath!

Hear how the vanquish'd foe, triumphant boasts
Of terms *dictated* to a British chief:
Safety *unransom'd* from surrounding hosts,
Escape *assisted*, and *impell'd* relief!

Could humbled Lusitania now upbraid,
How would she, Britain, mock the vile deceit?—
She'd cry "my plunder'd wealth my cause betray'd,
"And hired for loaded thieves thy freighted "fleet!"

Away!—I cannot bear the vile surmise!
My British blood the fearful thought disdains!
Arise, my Country, in thy Justice rise,
And vindicate thy glory from its stain!

Dion.

OUR COUNTRY.

IS there no Call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by Heaven, ordain'd by Nature's laws,
Where Justice flies the herald of our way,
And Truth's pure beams upon the banners play?
Yes!—there's a Call, sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the Tongue of Heaven within,
When the Mind's Balance trembles upon Sin!
Oh! 'tis our COUNTRY's voice, whose claim should meet
An echo in the Soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate, but the—ONE!

THOMAS MOORE.

PUBLIC PLEASURES.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.——*POPE's Imitations of Horace.*

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

WALLER has given the most unambitious, and perhaps truest, definition of dramatic excellence, when he considers "a Play" as

"Made for delight, and for no other use."

It is gratifying to talk about the morality of the theatre, but it is the business of the stage to entertain, rather than to instruct, mankind; and rather to aim at amusement, than to labour at reformation. Enough is here done for the benefit of society, if nothing is here done to injure its higher interests.

Let us, however, try the poet's opinion as affecting the judgment, and without any immediate reference to the virtues. Let us consi-

omily examine, upon his principle, how far the present generation of authors are entitled to the honours of the drama. Let us, in fact, try modern dramatic compositions by the criterion that Waller has proposed. The test is plain, and the process is not difficult. Every one may readily ascertain, the first night he sees it enacted, whether "a Play is made for delight?"

Our theatres, during the present supposed dearth of dramatic genius, are frequently employed, and doubtless most laudably, either in reviving or adapting such pieces as have passed the ordeal of popular investigation. Theatrical Managers keep also constantly in view those writers, whose

—"Wit, repeated, does support the stage;
"Credits the last, and entertains this age!"

DRURY-LANE THEATRE is particularly happy in appropriated resources, and in apposite revivals. Hence the re-introduction of the most magnificent 'Blue Beard'; and hence, subsequently, the transfer of the fire-side of plain 'John Bull,' which here attracted, on the last evening of October, "an overflowing audience." Mr. De Camp appeared, for the *first* and *last* time, according to the playhouse bill of fare, in the part of *Dan*,—a part, nevertheless, which he performed with considerable ability. Russell, in *Tom Shuffleton*, aspired to the honours of the caricaturist; and he obtained them! The *Lady Caroline* of the comedy was admirably sustained by Miss Duncan; while *Mary* found, in Mrs. H. Siddons, the representative of feeling and simplicity.—Of Mr. Bannister, as *Job Thornbury*, it is praise enough to know that he was not inferior to Fawcett. Mr. Johnstone, in *Dennis Brulgruddery*, stands now unrivalled. His consummate excellence acquired him unbounded and reiterated applauses; and he even found himself compelled, *when the play was over*, to gratify the house by singing one of his comic songs.

This night (Thursday, November 10) was produced one of our new melo-dramas, entitled the SIEGE OF ST. QUINTIN. It is fit, as Edmund Burke says, that the remedy should, if possible, be derived from the same source as inflicted the disease. Drury-Lane formerly exhibited Spaniards to our execration, but, equitably to compensate the matter, it now displays Spaniards for our admiration. St. Quintin must atone for Pizarro!

To offer criticism on the melo-drama of *The Siege of St. Quintin*, would be to waste our own time and reproach the common sense of our readers. It has been "got up," under the direction of Mr. Theodore Hook, for momentary purposes, and is already almost consigned to oblivion. The "clap-trap" did not take. Of this piece it may be affirmed, without hypercritical fastidiousness, that, generally speaking, the melodies are either nothing new or nothing worth, the incidents improbable, the sentiments fulsomely declamatory, the few attempts at humour misplaced, the characters actually inconsistent or naturally inconceivable, and that, with reference to its literature, it is altogether contemptible. The scenery, however, was truly splendid! Such, after all, is the frontless effrontery of those who cater for the public pleasures, that we must not be surprised if we should see this *Siege of St. Quintin* again announced for theatrical representation. Where is English genius? And where—oh, where!—is English independence?

Circumstances considered, could the Managers of Drury-lane do better than attempt another dramatic revival? They accordingly tried (November 23), for the first time this season, the comedy of *The Chances*; relieved, at the same time, by an interlude entitled *Love in a Tub*, composed by D'Egville. Mrs. Jordan and Elliston could scarcely pacify the audience during the Comedy, in itself languid and insipid; but, owing to music and dancing, the Interlude experienced, as it deserved, the most favourable reception. Its melody, simple and appropriate, is by Bishop; and Mr. D'Egville's pupils, particularly Miss Gayton, reflected credit on his instructions. Miss C. Bristow's *Scotch Reel* seemed, however, the most generally applauded. The scenery was excellent.

KING'S THEATRE.

British beneficence is much talked of; and one has only to regret, that it is not uniformly exerted. Here was a *Benefit* (November 2;) given by the COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY, for the *Families of those who perished in the Conflagration of their Theatre*, and——*the house did not overflow!* Neither was it negatively good, the house was positively bad, It was even thinly attended. The tragedy of *The Mourning Bride*, coupled with the almost forlorn appearance of the theatre, furnished a mournful spectacle; adapted, indeed, to the melancholy occasion in which it originated, but miserably calculated to console the hearts of suffering humanity!

The King's Theatre, however, was destined shortly to display a more gratifying scene, in

(November 10) the exhibition of a new piece, entitled THE EXILE. Both theatres were on the same evening contending for the favour of the town. Mr. Hook has failed, but Mr. Reynolds seems so have succeeded.

The story of '*The Exile*' is borrowed from Madame Cottin's novel of '*Elizabeth*,' the scene lying in the wild and barren recesses of Siberia. *Count Ulric*, formerly the conqueror of Sweden, being persecuted by the jealous rivalry of a Russian nobleman, has pined during many years, an Exile in Siberia; his wife (*Sidona*), and his daughter (*Alexina*), voluntarily participating in his adversity. His daughter accidentally hearing him exclaim, while dreaming in his sleep, that his Empress would restore him to liberty if made acquainted with his situation, she determines, from this ejaculation of her father, to repair to Petersburgh and supplicate her sovereign for his freedom. *Daran* (i. e. *Romanoff*, her lover, and nephew to the Governor of Tobolski, where *Count Ulric* is confined, and who now assumes the disguise of an *Indian*) proffers *Alexina* his protection, to defend her, while journeying, against the snares of his rival, *Welzein*, of whom he is apprehensive. She now sets out, after some trifling opposition first made to the measure on the part of her mother; escorted by *Daran* (her *Lover in Disguise*), and by an old servant belonging to her father. They arrive at Moscow, on the eve of the Coronation of the *Empress*. Here opens the splendour of procession; and barring some trifling historical contradictions, we are fairly admitted to the pomps and ceremonies of royalty, and indulged with contemplating the superb insignia of the Greek Church. Here, too, *Alexina* solicits her father's liberation. She is not, however, successful till *Daran*, who, luckily enough, had, the very day before, saved the Life of the *Czarowitz*, rushes forward to support the cause of his beloved mistress; when she obtains the pardon of her father. *Alexina* falls into the power of *Welzein* (the rival of her lover), on her return towards Siberia, and is by him carried to the Governor of Tobolski, who, to secure his nephew (*Daran* or *Romanoff*) from being married to her, compels her to give her hand to *Welzein*. Now other difficulties arise; but the Governor soon brings the royal pardon, which *Alexina* had, in the transport of joy, forgotten to bring in writing. *Count Ulric*, his enemy being disgraced, his restored to rank and riches; and of course *Romanoff* enjoys his *Alexina*. There is an amusing, and not an improbable, underplot; in which Fawcett (*Serritz*) and Mrs. Dickons (*Catharine*), and Munden and Liston, considerably heighten the general effect of this melo-drama.

It is, however, on Mrs. H. Johnston, as *Alexina*, and Mr. Young, as *Daran*, that attention naturally fixes.

Mrs. H. Johnston certainly evinced much discrimination, and exerted herself with uncommon animation. She sometimes over-acted her part. Her embraces were so ardent as to impress the spectator beyond the feeling of fiction; and Pope (*Count Ulric*), and Young (*Romanoff*), very frequently experienced her tenderness. It was natural she should appear touched by her father's fate, and, perhaps, she might be allowed to know her lover even under his disguise; but she was almost as affectionate to Chapman, her travellling domestic attendant, and even to Murray, who possessed no other attraction than centred in a benevolent stranger.

Mr. Young had his first appearance on the boards of this theatre. He made the most of the part assigned to him among the persons of this melo-drama, and, in so doing, he confirmed the auspicious prognostications of those who who have hitherto applauded his abilities. He is really a good actor.

The music, which is by Mazzinghi, reflects credit on the talents of the composer; though Incledon, it ought to be remarked, did not, fine as is his voice, do justice in his execution of the songs entrusted to him. The scenery was as appropriate as splendid.

So far *The Exile* has succeeded; and, in some measure, it deserved to succeed. Still, however, we are not sanguine of its durability. It will have its day; and will then, we opine, be heard of no more! Evanescence is the excellence of this age. We seem, as the poets say of nature, to "abhor perpetuity" of any description.

ECCENTRICITIES OF FASHION FOR NOVEMBER.

THE recess of beauty, fashion, and elegance, from the *micromosmic* metropolis, is now nearly expired; whilst invention, guided by taste and accompanied by symetry, stands on tiptoe to produce her *chefs d'œuvre* to an admiring world. Midst such a crowd of *good company*, the conductors of a periodical work, who ought to be the harbingers, as well as recorders, of the various changes of the motley goddess, can scarce find room to walk in and "show the lions;" were we, indeed, only called on to say what *ought to be*, or were we even called on to specify all that *has been*, the task *might be* accomplished, but to foretel what *will be*, midst the varied whims and caprices of the fashionable and eccentric arbiters of the mode, would be a task for Œdipus, Cassandra, or even the witch of Endor; a task, whose cabalistic obscurity is so appropriately *emblematized* by the *Sphynxes* which decorate our *boudoirs*, drawing-rooms, and *salles à manger*. In the rapidity with which our fashions have been adopted, and in the pantomimic celerity with which they have been changed, Fancy has been obliged to ransack every region of the globe for variety. Our *belles*, in the course of a few short weeks, have been gipsies, witches, Paissannes, Grecian statues, and Egyptian mummies; in short, so often has Variety herself been varied, that nothing is left for Fashion but a *bizarre* union of incongruities, to produce the harmony of contrast; or, by the whimsicality of contrast, to excite wonder and surprise. To aid in this grand undertaking, the arts and sciences themselves must be called in, and surely nothing can be more *facile* in this learned age, when philosophic knowledge is not only supplied by wholesale in Albemarle-Street, and at the Surry Institution, but even retailed, in *small* quantities, at the dashing female seminaries of every degree, from Blackheath to the humble road-side mansion, where "young ladies" are boarded and *heddicated*.—The statuary's art has indeed been exhausted, but not so the sculptor's. Architecture will supply a thousand novelties: thus the fair philosopher may take a model from the *Caryatides*, and glide into the drawing-room one half a woman, one half a pedestal; or she may adapt the five orders to her passions and pursuits.—The prude, of course, will present the sober majesty of the *Ionic*; the chaste and elegant matron will assume the *Doric*; the buxom dame, who scorns to flinch her glass, will naturally adopt the *Tuscan!* The new importation from the Moors and Fells will at first appear in the *rustic*, the coquette will be *composite*, and the true woman of fashion will be *corinthian!*

Whilst expecting this new dawn of science, we may just observe *en passant*, that our early winter fashions are as yet unfixed; but the most *seasonable*, as resembling the fallen leaf, is a handsome yellow adopted in ribbands and other ornaments, and which associates equally well with the scarlet pelisse, and the dark brown mantle. In Paris this colour is distinguished by "*à la pelure d'oignons*," but as our fair dames are not of so *light* a texture as the Parisian *élégantes*, that name would here be inappropriate. The single wrap mantle, and the India shawl have still their votaries, though superseded in some degree, by a most whimsical robe of dark brown Georgina cloth, cut all in one length, but doubled at a third, and thus tied round the neck; the ends which of course hang down unequally, are ornamented with a deep orange fringe, and the *tout ensemble* is as elegant as it is new. In the head dress, little variety is yet exhibited, except a new bonnet of twisted straw; but in full dress the hair is sported with but little adventitious aid from ornaments.

The increase of cold, or the increase of modesty, have prompted our hitherto *generous* fair ones, once more to adopt concealment; the dresses are now made to cover the bosom, and are buttoned up tight round the neck, and so far sloped off in front as to receive the addition of brilliant clasps, which reach from the breast to the bottom of the robe and produce a striking effect.

As Bond Street sports not yet its loungers, the *marchands des modes* have produced but little novelty; dark greens, and blues still preserve their ascendency, but in both sexes, it is expected that black until the spring will be considered as a full dress.

In carriages, simplicity will be the order of the day; the plain but elegant landau is all the rage, of a Devonshire brown, or rich yellow with brass mouldings; this kind of carriage is

now much flatter on the top, and the circular swell of the pannels and sides being laid aside, it hangs with much more neatness, particularly as the barouche seats have been withdrawn; a change we hail with pleasure, for when *John* was accustomed to sit *cheek by jowl* with his young mistress, or his old one, the natural distance was soon removed, and its consequences have in more instances than one been exhibited to the world. Where originality fails, imitation may step in, of course some of the dashing bloods of the whip anxious to put on some appearance of usefulness, and to shew their capability of serving government in *some* way, have been sporting their new equipages as a *mail coach set out*, but from the crash of pannels in the Edgeware Road, where those Jehus were surrounded by a string of country carts, the bumpkins not supposing them to be *gemmen* but really mail coachmen, it is supposed that the whim will drop, and that invention will again be at work for the benefit of the architects in the Acre.

Of architectural ornament, the most brilliant specimen is a *boudoir*, in the Grecian style; this apartment is octangular, four of the pannels are of mirror, the others ornamented with pilastres embossed richly and relieved by gilding. Those parts of the walls not ornamented, are covered with a rich mazarine blue velvet; the ceiling is covered in eight compartments corresponding with the sides, and decorated with antique paintings copied from the finest specimens of Herculaneum, and the centre forms a dome from which the apartment is lighted. Ottomans are placed in the recesses; and the chairs are Grecian with stuffed backs and seats of velvet; the whole forming a blaze of splendour, as elegant as unique. The gothic though exploded from our buildings is however still preserved in our furniture; we have heard of a "gothic state bed for an infant" who in course of a few months must have gothic batts and balls, or a gothic babyhouse!

MONTHLY RETROSPECT.

Be friends, you English fools, be friends! We have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.—*Shakspeare.*

But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch—to nought but his ambition true!—
Who for the sake of filling with one blast,
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
Think yourself stationed on a towering rock,
To see a people scattered like a flock;
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage thirst a tyrant feels!—*Cowper.*

CONTRARY to the first prognostications of many of my contemporaries in politics, *the Emperor Alexander was not kidnapped at Erfurth, and the Emperor Napoleon has personally commenced the subjugation of Spain!!*—Heaven only knows the extent of the determined desolation! Long may our "mother-isle," the land of patriotism, the nurse of arts and arms, long may Britain—happy and enviable Britain!—remain exempted, by an almost particular interposition of the Divine Providence, from the worst of terrestrial woes; from domestic divisions, and from foreign devastation! Yes, long, very long, may this Ark of the Nations continue immoveable on her native rock, secure from the surrounding deluge! We are, thanks to our situation, little more than spectators of one of the most tremendous tragedies ever acted on the theatre of human affairs. Sympathise, we do, with those who are immediately included in its progress; but sympathy is not participation.

Look to the State of Politics. Sweden is suspended, Austria is appeased, Spain is—to be—sacrificed, and the proffer of European Pacification has been again rejected! If we escape, and I believe we shall escape, perhaps our errors will have been our salvation.

The French *Exposé* is curious and interest-

ing. It blames us for exporting our military force; and talks of Mr. Fox's projected commercial rivalry, or the warfare of commerce, though not quite in the spirit in which our deceased statesman proposed to prosecute his system. This clause is worth volumes on the operation of our orders in Council.

Britain, as usual, is by France accused of persisting in warfare solely for the purposes of an "universal monopoly" of commerce; and this accusation is abundantly interspersed with the customary tirades against the government of our country, particularly in the remarks connected with the speculations on national finance. One cannot indeed but smile, after all the fulminating menaces of our enemy, to find him triumphantly declaring, that "*The war will henceforth consist in Repelling*, from all points, *the English Commerce*, and in employing all the means calculated to promote that end." Vastly fine this concession, from him who was to "crush England" with his five hundred thousand Gallic marauders! How changed, as it affects Us singly, is the tone of Napoleon the Conqueror! The language of Erfurth does not sound quite so loftily as did the denunciations of Amiens. Strange to reflect upon, but so it seems, that the Emperor should be less haughty than the Consul!

England, however, "is *smitten* by the *excommunication* which she herself has provoked. All her social *Relations* with the *Continent* are *suspended*." Be it so. While the *House of Braganza* retains the affection of its transmarine *Possessions*, and *Liniers* may be driven *from Buenos Ayres*, let us not too much deplore the suspension, or even the dissolution of our former *Continental Connections*. PORTUGAL MAY STILL EXIST IN HER COLONIES; while SOUTH AMERICA, even in the last direful effort of the successless struggles of patriotism, MAY BECOME THE SPLENDID ASYLUM OF SPANISH INDEPENDENCE. Such things may happen. Let us, therefore, instead of being dismayed by the inauspiciousness of any immediate results, look, with philosophic confidence, to the political probabilities of these eventful times, and be prepared to meet all possible national contingencies. We have now to do with an adversary, of whom it must be acknowledged that the World, "from *India* to the frozen *North*, is

"Concerned in what *His Solitude* brings forth!"

Much as our newspapers have been occupied, during the past month, with the sittings of what is called a COURT OF INQUIRY, we appear to be still far from having ascertained the causes which, it is conceded by *Ministers* themselves, have, in the *Convention of Cintra*, most woefully *disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation!* Our military Commanders seem, to adopt an expressive vulgarism, completely at logger-heads; and evince as much contradiction in Court, as Kellerman is reported to have discovered among them when they were in Camp!! They agree only in justifying what every body else has condemned; and yet, oddly enough, each of the parties, as connected with forming the Convention in question, is anxious to shift the burden of culpability from himself to his comrade. Not one of them seems Atlas enough to carry the Convention on his own shoulders! It cannot be imagined that, taking Falstaff's advice, either party does "practise an answer" previous to interrogation; but there is, it must be owned, something of marvellous consistency even in the inconsistencies of the testifications.

The right worshipful LORD OF THE CITY has, by the way, also unfortunately come in for his portion of censure as to his recent conduct concerning the aforesaid Convention of Cintra. He has stoutly refused his permit for another common-hall relating to this business; and he is therefore roundly accused, by our daily patriots, of colleaguing with ministers to stifle public inquisition. I shall not presume to sit in arbitration upon this weighty and important affair. His Lordship has published his reasons for not complying with the last Requisition made to him by certain of the Livery of London; yet does it not seem rather hard to deprive these his Majesty's "faithful and "loyal" Citizens of any opportunity for lawfully assembling to express, with all duty and humility, their "*grievous*," as well as *joyous*, sense of men and matters?

November, as is too usual, has added to the miserable catalogue of ENGLISH SUICIDES! When shall our nation efface this dastardly practice, this complex crime, from the register of her transactions? It is dreadful to reflect on the causes and consequences of self-murder, originating in cowardice and terminating in torments. He who has not fortitude enough to sustain the common calamities incident to human existence, yet—

"Blasted from Hell with horrid lust of
"Death!"—

dares the vengeance of omnipotence itself; courts the sting of "the worm that never dies," and plunges into "the fire that is never quench-"ed." If law can more effectually interdict this most fatal of transgressions, and something

like an efficacious remedy is perhaps deviseable for this alarming and augmenting scourge of society, let the best attention of Legislation be immediately bestowed upon the subject. Much of this evil, however, does not arise out of the deficiency of our laws, but from the unwholesome relaxation of the moral feelings of individuals. *Juries are too tender in cases of Felo-de-Se!* From the best of personal motives (dictated, however, by very culpable humanity), they too often commute between conscience and sympathy, and acquit Suicide with the verdict of Lunacy. Let them keep our *cross-roads* more frequenely in remembrance, and relieve our *church-yards* from the disgrace of countenancing the unearthly remains of unchristian suicides! Let us refrain from still greater profanation;—and not condemn the ministers of religion to celebrate the interment of the bodies of those, concerning whose souls they cannot possibly entertain the least well-grounded "hope" of savalition! I must be permitted to write seriously on topics so awfully serious.

Nov. 27, 1808. NEMO.

BIRTHS.

On Monday the 7th of November at the Black Swan, in Peasholme-Green, Mrs. Weston, of a son. This lady has lately been exhibited in York with a model of the Grand Turk's Palace. She is an extraordinary diminutive of the human species, though without deformity, being but 34 inches high, and in every other respect proportional. Her child exceeded in size most new born infants.

At Letterfoury, on the 11th of November, the Lady of Sir James Gordon, Bart. of a son.

At Carisbrick Castle, the Lady of Sir Windsor Hunloke, Bart. of Wingerworth, Derbyshire, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Brigadier-General Campbell, to Elizabeth Anne, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Pemberton, Rector of Tough Byne, in Ireland.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Sir George Boyer, Bart. to Miss Douglas, eldest daughter of the late Sir Andrew Snape Douglas.

At Christ Church, Mr. George Lloyd, aged 16, to Mrs. Evans, aged 60 years.

Mr. Marriott, of Falcoln-Court, Fleet-street, aged 74, to Miss Barnes, aged 18.

At Mary-le-Bone Church, the Right Hon. Lord George Beresford, to Miss Harriet Schutz.

At Dunmore, near Londonderry, James Law, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bombay, to Miss Law, youngest daughter of Wm. Law, Esq.

At Inverness, Mr. Lewis Grant, bookseller, to Miss Heywood, of Demerara.

On Friday morning, at St. Nicholas Church, Yarmouth, Miss Grace Douglas, daughter of Vice-Admiral Douglas, to Captain Bradley, of his Majesty's ship Calypso.

On the 16th inst. at Trench, Norfolk, Henry Green, Esq. of Hinxton, Cambridgeshire, and Captain in the Cambridgeshire Militia, to Miss Ward, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Ward of the same place.

Tuesday last, at Layton, Essex, the Rev. E. Repton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, to Miss Herbert, daughter of Joseph Herbert, Esq. of Montserrat.

DIED.

Brigadier-Gen. Wm. Carylon Hughes, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 87th Regiment, and Governor of Surinam.

At Wickwar, Gloucestershire, the Rev. J. Williams, formerly of Jesus College, Oxford.

On the 13th inst. after a short illness, the Rev. Sir Henry Pix Heyman, Bart. formerly fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and late incumbent of the united vicarage of Fretsingfield and Rectory of Withersdale in Suffolk.

On Friday se'nnight, after a short illness, the lady of Charles Milnar, of Preston-Hall, Esq. She was the youngest daughter of Sir John Dixon Dyke, Bart. of Lullingstone Castle, Kent.

On the 19th of September, at St. Croix, in the West Indies, George Mussenden Leathes, Esq. Lieutenant-Colonel of the 96th Regiment of Foot, son of George Leathes, Esq. of Bury.

On the 2d inst. Sarah Cary, wife of the Rev. James Cary, of Godcastle, county of Donegal.

On his passage from Madeira to the Brazils, Lord Claude Hamilton, 2d son of Lord Abercorn.

Lately, the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, Stoke Newington.

At Bristol, in the 23d year of her age, Maria, daughter of Evan Baillie, Esq. M. P. for that place.

In the Island of Tortola, C. Combe, Esq. son of Dr. Combe, of Bloomsbury-square.

Lately, Ann, youngest daughter of Major Rhodes, Esq. of Oakley, near Bromley, Kent.

At Yarmouth, Mrs. Manlove, aged 74.

De Wilde Pinxt. Scriven Sculp.

Mrs. LISTON as MADGE.

A nasty ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate after being to him as I have ——

Love in a Village

London, Published by & for Bell & De Camp 11, Catherine Street, Strand.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

LIFE OF MRS. LISTON, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE astronomer who explores the regions of the nightly skies, does not confine his observation to stars of the first magnitude, but follows with equal watchfulness the path of the inferior splendours of Heaven. The industrious botanist does not examine the structure of the proud lily alone, but with equal admiration unfolds the bosom of the modest violet. The painter does not always imitate the rugged and sublime features of nature, but delights to pourtray her softer beauties.—The bard does not always tower on the eagle's pinions above our mortal sphere, but often courts the humble shade of the silent grove. Why then should the biographer always select the most eminent characters in every profession which fills the social stage with bustle and activity. Why should he be not allowed to refresh his eyes, dazzled with the blaze of superior genius, with the milder light of inferior though still eminent excellence? Without discussing any longer why he should, or should not do so, I will boldly follow the line of conduct which I think he ought to pursue; and after having delineated the chief features of the powerful enchanter of Drury Lane, will, with no small degree of satisfaction pourtray those of the Covent Garden Philomela.

It seldom happens that we are able to gratify our wishes to their full extent. I started in my biographical career with the hope of finding it strewn with materials, which I could easily pick up and collect together to raise a monument to merit and to truth. I have been partly disappointed in my expectations. The incidents which would have satisfied public curiosity are too deeply buried in the bosoms of intimates, to be easily perceived by the glance of a stranger's observation. The information which I now transmit to the press, however, I have gathered from persons whose authority, if I were at liberty to name, would no doubt prove its authenticity. I lament it is not more abundant and equal to the interest which the bare mention of Mrs. Liston's name cannot fail having awakened.

Miss Tyrer was born in London of a respectable family, and we believe about the year 1780. Kinder towards the public, than towards our young heroine, Fortune removed her from the sphere of opulence to place her in that of industry; but at the same time endowed with the sweetest voice that ever stole upon the delighted ear, and a nice exactness of taste that has not been surpassed, in order that she might by her own exertions, raise herself to celebrity and wealth. She was a pupil of Mr. Kelly's. For the powers of her voice had revealed themselves at an age when some children are not even able to express distinctly their thoughts.

Under the direction of this tasteful vocal performer, she spent several years, and improved rapidly. Notwithstanding her promising abilities, she was not intended for the stage, but resolved to sing at concerts alone. As soon as she was deemed equal to this undertaking, she collected as much courage as her modest diffidence would allow, and made her appearance at one of the concert rooms in this metropolis. Her succes did not disappoint the expectations of her friends. The delicate sweetness of her notes, and the tasteful simplicity of her execution, delighted every ear. She soon after repaired to Dublin, where in the Rotunda she attracted crowds of amateurs. On her return in England she continued her musical pursuits, and having excited a great sensation, was invited by Mr. Colman to alter the nature of her avocations, and yield his theatre the assistance of her talents. About the same time Mr. Harris offered her terms for an engagement at Covent Garden, which she accepted. Her first appearance took place at the Haymarket, and her reception was equal to her deserts. Emboldened by success she next met the encreased numbers of a Covent Garden audience. The part which she then acted was that of *Margery*, in "*Love in a Village*," from which the portrait attending these memoirs is taken. We will delay our observations on her performance, until we have finished the short account of her professional life, which we have been able to gather. Her vocal abilities were not the only title she possessed to the approbation of the public, her acting was the true expression of nature, full of simplicity, whilst the beauty and archness of her countenance added more genuine grace and vigour to her delivery than it was, or

indeed is still, in the power of any other performer to display. She soon became a great favourite, and although she did not possess as much science as some of the most eminent singers of the day, yet the sweetness of her voice was deemed a full equivalent for that deficiency.

Not many years had elapsed, when one of our most original and yet chastely natural comedians, Liston, made his appearance at the same theatre; after having felt the pulse of the public opinion on his merits, at the Haymarket during its summer career in 1805. He did not grow a favourite with the town only, but by the union which took place between him and Miss Tyrer, towards the end of 1806, proved that he could as easily win his way into the female heart as into the good graces of the most severe critics of the day. This union, so conducive to the happiness of both, has not yet raised any hopes that their talents should one day revive on the stage, in the persons of their children. They continue, in public, to delight all those who witness their theatrical excellencies, and in private to do all the good that lies in their power.

One of Mrs. Liston's brothers is an officer, if not a captain, in the East India naval service. Her sister, Miss Barbara Tyrer, an accomplished young lady, is teacher at a school at Maidstone, in Kent; but though divided, the affection of our heroine for her family is too sincere and warm to be damped by absence.

To eminent vocal and comic abilities as a public performer, Mrs. Liston joins in private life, the most amiable and unaffected manners, a charitable heart, which even when the pressure of circumstances prevented the exaltation of her fortune, prompted her to relieve want and misery to the full extent of her ability, whenever she could discover them, and a degree of diffidence which may appear the more singular, as a frequent appearance on the stage is always thought likely to blunt the keen feelings of modesty, but a small idea of which may be formed by the following anecdote.

The fete which attended the baptism of Mr. Thomas Sheridan's son, a year ago, was honoured with the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. To add to the brilliancy of the entertainment the most skilful singers and musicians were invited. The Prince no sooner perceived Mrs. Liston, than he sent her a polite message, expressing a wish she should favour the company with a song. But her tuneful voice was so completely chained by timidity, that a respectful refusal was the only answer she could return; and although the same message was renewed three times, it always met with the same reply. At last apprehensive lest her conduct should be attributed to obstinacy, she availed herself of the plea of indisposition to retire, without being able to yield to the request of the royal supplicant.

The part of *Margery*, which Mrs. Liston chose for her first appearance, is that of a young country girl, who, seduced under a promise of marriage by a knavish servant, *Hodge*, pursues her inconstant lover with reproaches for his perfidy, and artless supplications that "he may make her an honest woman." This however is only an inferior episode of the piece, almost too unimportant to be noticed, did not *naive* simplicity which Mrs. Liston displays in her grief, and remonstrances, and the delightful accents of her voice when she sings with the most appropriate expression the song beginning with these words,

"How happy were my days till now?

raise it into something like a prominent feature of the piece.

This interesting opera was compiled by Mr. Bickerstaff from the *Village Opera* of Charles Johnson, but the songs he claims more particularly as his own. They are in general superior to the rhyming trash which is dignified with the name of poetry in all pieces of this kind. Sentiments, and not measured words alone, are generally to be found in them; and they even can boast now and then elegance of thought and language. The plots are rather wild, and improbable, for this opera consists of three. We shall begin it with the most important. A young lady, *Rosetta*, leaves her parents in order to avoid a match with *Sir William Meadows's* son, whom she had never seen, and becomes chamber maid to one of her former school companions, in order to elude the search made after her. Her unknown lover feeling the same reluctance to conclude a marriage framed by paternal authority alone, imitates her example unconsciously, and runs away from his father's house disguised as a gardener, in which capacity he enters the service of *Justice Woodcock*, whose roof also sheltered the fugitive *Rosetta*. Here those who by report hated each other, soon change their enmity into love. The lady secretly reproaches herself for placing her affections on a person so far below her rank; and the gentleman on his side, contends with his rising passion, but in vain, and unable to conquer it, forms the resolution of saving himself a second time by flight.

Their mutual embarrassment, and attempts to conceal their feelings in their interviews produce some interesting scenes. *Sir W. Meadows* at last discovers the retreat of his son, repairs to the Justice's and meeting first with the fair runaway, soons finds means to make her enter into his views. She no longer scruples at meeting *Young Meadows* at the place he had appointed, with the intention of revealing her real name and situation to her, and then bidding her adieu. Instead of a chamber maid he encounters his father, and the lady from whom he has fled, and who conceals her face from him. When pressed to marry her, he acknowledges that his affections are engaged, but is soon filled with surprise and delight at beholding the transformation of his *Rosetta*, who has so unexpectedly started to an equality with him. The first plot being thus happily concluded, we will now examine the second.

Justice Woodcock has a daughter *Lucinda*, *Rosetta*'s confidential friend, who instead of running away from, longs to set off with *Eustace*, her lover, a relation of *Sir William Meadows*', but whose suit her father would no doubt reject, were he asked his consent: as the leading principle of all his actions is contradiction. This pleasing disposition of the mind to oppose incessantly the stream of opinion when it proceeds from the mouths of others, is fed by the malignant asperity of his maiden sister *Mrs. Deborah Woodcock*. But notwithstanding this failing in his temper, and a tolerable degree of official pride, *Justice Woodcock* is remarkably good natured towards every handsome girl he meets: and as *Rosetta*, whilst disguising her name, could not conceal her beauty, she is constantly teased with his love and awkward attentions.

During the annual fair for hiring servants, held upon the justice's green, to which he is led, notwithstanding his scrupulous reluctance, by his neighbour, the frank and hearty sportsman, *Hawthorn*, his daughter finds means of introducing her lover into the house. But her courage failing at the hour of elopement, her hesitation detains her, till the sudden arrival of her father and aunt, prevents the execution of their plan. Instead of being disconcerted at their approach, she addresses *Eustace*, as a music-master, who was recommended to her by a friend, and presents him as such to her father. The *Justice*, who, had his sister remained silent, would have granted but little credit to the tale, no sooner hears her terming it false, than he grows convinced of its truth, turns her out of the room, welcomes the young musician to his house, and leaves him alone with his daughter. Rejoicing in the success of their wile, they determined to set off the same night, when *Eustace* is again introduced into her apartment, and a second time surprised by the antiquated virgin, who locks him in a closet, and drags her niece in search of her brother. The *Justice* remains incredulous, and on his return finds the closet empty, for *Rosetta* had freed her friend's lover from his unpleasant captivity. *Lucinda* then vindicates her innocence; her father espouses her side, and reproaches his sister with inebriation; and the whole is explained by the appearance of *Eustace*, who is acknowledged by *Sir William Meadows* as his relation, and in opposition to *Mrs. Deborah*'s wishes, is at last allowed to wed his love.

The third plot consists of the inconstancy of *Hodge*, *Justice Woodcock's* servant, who dazzled by the beauty of *Rosetta*, forsakes the victim of his seduction, the simple and innocent, though deceived *Margery*, to pay his addresses to the new chamber-maid. Unconscious of his former attachment, *Rosetta* does not check his hopes, which afford her a subject of merriment, and to *Margery* a ground for anxiety and grief. The artless ingenuity with which Mrs. Liston, in the part of the latter, reproaches him with his infidelity in the following words:

"Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous?
"and, is this the way you serve me after all?
"and won't you keep your word, *Hodge*?"
"Nay, but surely, surely—consider *Hodge*,
"you are obligated in conscience to make me
"an honest woman."
"None but the basest of rogues would bring
"a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave
"her to the wide world."

Cannot be equalled by any other performer.

Unsuccessful in her attempts to regain her lover's affections, she resolves to apply to his master, and penetrates as far as the drawing room, when she is met and stopped by *Hodge*, who vainly tries to persuade her to relinquish her design. During their quarrelsome interview, her rival *Rosetta* makes her appearance, which increases her jealousy and anger, the expression of which is given with as much truth and nature by its charming representative. *Rosetta* undertakes to soothe her sorrow, and represents to her, after having sent *Hodge* away, how wrong it is for a woman to barter her honour for the vain promises of man. This morality is above the comprehension of the frail

Margery, who listens with a vacant look, and not understanding the assurances that are given her that her lover shall not be permitted to wed another, concludes from all she has heard that she must give up her lover, and in consequence forms the resolution of repairing to London. The transformation of *Rosetta* into a lady, and her marriage with *Young Meadows*, however, checks her design, and restores her a husband. Such is the end of the third plot. A fourth might be pointed out, consisting of the ludicrous incidents produced by *Justice Woodcock's* love for *Rosetta*, but what we have stated is sufficient to offend the taste of all those who prize simplicity of action. To seek for formality in this opera, would be in vain, for no other piece can teach disobedience to parents, contempt for every kind of duty, intrigue, and even frailty, more openly than "*Love in a Village*."

Those who have seen Mrs. Liston as *Kate* in the *English Fleet*, will not easily forget the archness and cunning with which she sings the song entitled "The Secret." In *Barbara*, in the *Iron Chest*, *Phœbe* in *Rosina*, *Susan* in *We Fly by Night*, she displays the same delightful simplicity of action and voice.

In the late drama of the *Africans*, she displayed no small degree of playfulness and comic powers, but her best part is perhaps that of *Queen Dollalolla* in *Tom Thumb*. Her assumed dignity, her pompous declamation, her mock heroic gestures, her spirit, her excellent conception of the part, form a faithful picture of tragi-comic majesty, which can never cease to delight. In *Tilburina* in the *Critic*, though she be precluded from exerting her vocal powers, her acting is not less entitled to applause.

Want of variety is perhaps the chief defect of this justly celebrated singer. Of this, she herself seems to be conscious, as she never assumes any other characters than those for which she has been so well fitted by nature. This is a proof of her wisdom and judgment. To know one's self, has always been reckoned the most difficult science, and to have attained such a perfect knowledge of it, as to make it the rule of our actions is, perhaps, the highest praise that can be bestowed on any human being. As long as melody and simplicity are prized, like nature which is always admired, whilst the productions of art carried away by the tide of fashion awaken but a fleeting attention, Mrs. Liston, we have no doubt, will remain a favourite with a discerning public.